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much must remain for this *life*, undone. Only divine power can wholly rouse the mind, and touch it into full and conscious life; only God's mandate, delivered through the grim turnkey, Death, can set the prisoned soul free. The bounds are soon reached beyond which these feeble intelligences cannot pass. The teacher must be content to pause with them, and go back again, and again, over the first beaten track;—so in the midst of hope there must ever be a profound discouragement.

Some few of the children have pretty and interesting faces,—one young girl and two little boys I noticed as showing very faint signs of disease, or even dullness; but most are melancholy and unsightly specimens of defective humanity,—and I honor those who have devoted themselves to their care and training, who patiently feed and nurse this perpetual sickly babyhood of the mind, more than I have words to tell. They show forth daily the true missionary and martyr spirit.

Surely the moral world is progressing though ever so slowly. Even politicians and legislators are getting on, after some sort. How little while it seems since the effort to obtain a grant for an institution of this kind was met by unmeasured ridicule, stupid opposition, and more stupid jokes in the legislature of one of our noblest States. What contempt was poured upon the heads of its philanthropic advocates, by blatant young Honorables, who never conceived a large thought, or felt a grand throe of humanity in all their *lives!* How coolly did these small orators and statesmen dismiss, or utterly deny the humble, piteous claim of their unfortunate brothers,—in many cases, differing from them not so widely, except that a deficiency of brain, had not been made up for, in a double endowment of brass.

Now, Asylums for the Idiotic are popular institutions—universally acknowledged as beneficent and necessary—and as long as intemperance and vice prevail, scarlet-fever rages and first cousins marry, they will be more and more needed.

The teachers told me that, as a general thing, these poor children are peculiarly affectionate and grateful—their simple, humble little hearts leaping up at a word of praise, or even an encouraging smile.

I was most interested in the Gymnasium. In this, the little imbeciles have the advantage over most school-children. It was really wonderful to see how many things they could do here, and do well—all showing a touching eagerness to catch the meaning and do the will of their leader. They went through with all the simple gymnastic exercises—then marched and sung, keeping very respectable time, and appearing to enjoy everything hugely. Some of the boys are quite brave and agile in climbing the ladders, and some of the girls, I am told, are good dancers. Yet many of these children could neither feed themselves, nor walk steadily, when they came here—they seemed to have no command over their muscular systems.

One of the physicians is trying an experiment with a little boy, who is fearfully afflicted with the St. Vitus's dance. He tires him out every day, on the ladders, and after the exercise, nature takes a rest, and the distressing spasmodic action of nerves and muscles is for a time almost entirely suspended. It was told that this poor little boy has a mother in the city, who has quite deserted him in his misfortune—never coming to see how he gets on—is probably revolted by his involuntary, perpetual ghastly dance. Such women would have made Spartan mothers—would have consented with heroic fortitude to having their unfortunate offspring put out of misery and their way, by summary process, according to Spartan usage.

One of our party inquired for a boy, named *Adam*, who is said to be quite a character. A short time since, during the Sabbath-school exercises, to the teacher's question of "Who was the first man?" he shouted out with no little pride—"I!" He was absent, and I had not the pleasure of making so patriarchal and primeval an acquaintance.

Near me, in the gymnasium class, stood the queerest, most wierd-like and impish little fellow I have ever seen—the only one of these unfortunates I could heartily laugh at. He is more odd than silly, and is full of fun and mischief, and frolicsome pranks, with the most curious and comical face imaginable. His eyes are not mates, differing very decidedly in color and size, and inclined to look cross-ways. The two sides of his face seem quite independent of each other in expression and action. He will draw down one corner of his mouth, curl up one nostril, wrinkle one cheek, and give a most supernatural wink with one of his cross-eyes, while the entire other half of his physiognomy remains in a state of innocent unconsciousness and placid repose. The effect is indescribably ludicrous. If he could be kidnapped *now*, he would make the fortune of an enterprising circus manager. If he remains six months longer in this institution, he will have too much sense for a fool of the ring.

I find I must leave you for the present, at the Idiot Asylum—but next week I shall have the pleasure of conducting you to the Penitentiary! So *au revoir!*

GRACE GREENWOOD.

☞ STRIKING BACK AGAIN.—A late omnibus-driver, who had a peculiarly roseate face of his own, 'was said by a wag to have probably owed his immunity from sun-strokes, during a long career of professional usefulness, to the sun's apprehensions of a retaliation on his part.

BYRON asked Moore—"Is love wherein
Aught of resemblance lies
To the potato?" "Why," said Moore,
"Thy both *shoot from the eye.*"
"That answer's good," rejoined my lord,
In the general laughter sharing,
"But the likeness that I fancied was,
They both *decrease by paring.*"

—*Boston Post.*

☞ Where a man's business is, there is the place for his religion to manifest itself.—*Rev. W. Mason.*

☞ LIPPING.—Conversing one day with a fashionable and pretty belle, the facetious Mr. Spriggs observed that—"Ladies lisped who wished to be kissed." The young lady had before spoken unaffectedly, but now replied—"Tho' I've heard thay."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FRESHNESS SUBSIDING—AN ACHING VOID—A GLANCE AT THE SHOPS—THE TRADES OF PARIS—A SINGULAR DIET—A PAGE FROM THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

Paris, January 6, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The pleasant excitement of the Winter holidays having come and gone, Paris is beginning to relapse into its usual physiognomy. The booths in the Boulevards and principal streets, unusually numerous this year, will continue to disfigure the town a few days longer; after which, like the shadowy tents in Longfellow's beautiful ballad, they will vanish in the night, and be forgotten until next Christmas.

The aspect of Paris during the last fortnight, though the influence of the New Year was plainly visible as usual, has been much less animated than it generally is at the return of this festive season. Comparatively few foreigners are here at present; only an occasional group, in the purlieux of the Hotel Meurice and the Rue de la Paix, represents the shoals of English visitors who are ordinarily to be seen in what has come to be called "the English quarter." American visitors are also comparatively rare; and as these two categories of guests figure very largely in the sales of the shops, and the fleecing operations of the hotels, the incomings of these centres of Parisian enterprise have collapsed accordingly. The absence of their usual victims, whose guineas and dollars the Parisians estimate at their true value, whatever may be their feelings with regard to these guests *per se*, is explained here by the influence of the troubles in India, in the case of the English, and of the recent commercial "crisis" in the case of the Americans: causes which, no doubt, have had something to do with the result in question; the enormous rise in prices, which has changed Paris from the cheapest to nearly the dearest capital in Europe, being, however, the principal reason why the travelling portion of both branches of the itinerant Anglo-Saxon race are now bestowing the light of their gold-dispensing presence elsewhere.

The New Year's sales, however, being so largely patronised by the Parisians themselves, are less dependant on the presence of strangers than are the ordinary operations of the rest of the year; and the trading part of the community seem tolerably contented with the gains just made, although, from the appearance of the streets during the holidays, one would imagine the New Year's sales to have been much less than they were last year.

The different branches of manufacture are in the habit of reserving, for the greater glory and temptation of this season, the various "novelties" which the wit of manufacturers may have happily lighted upon during the year: so that the displays in the shops, while presenting much the same appearance every winter, generally show some distinguishing characteristic in each. Thus the "newest" thing this winter in the way of jewelry, is the employment of the new metal, aluminum, in brooches, bracelets, chains, and ornaments; and though the ambitious stranger is scarcely destined to drive gold from its old place in the art of adornment, it must be confessed that many of these trinkets are exceedingly pretty, and may often take the place of gold with advantage. Some of the bracelets, especially, are most charming; the soft grayness of the metal producing a most *distingue* effect when worn with others of the ordinary materials. Certain bunches of daisies, and asters, the petals of aluminum, and the centres of gold, of exquisite workmanship, and intended to be worn in the hair, are also among the most beautiful things that have come out this year, and are *the rage* here just at present. A charming innovation in art-bronzes, consisting of the introduction of colored ornaments, also deserves mention; Taban, the great manufacturer of every species of artistic furniture, having some candlesticks, after the antique, with one or two richly colored and shining insects, seemingly just alighted on the stems; a bunch of red cherries dropped in, as it were, among the lustrous brown leaves and ornaments of a rustic basket;—a butterfly poised on the polished surface of a vase;—a green rose-beetle, with its glittering back, planted contemplatively on the shaft of a lamp,—and so on,—a species of ornament that requires to be sparingly and judiciously used, but which, when artistically employed, relieving, as it does, the sombre hue of the bronze itself, is exceedingly beautiful.

The "novelty" of the season, for children, is again a new ball; not the pretty rose-colored balloon-balls of last winter, which were to be seen in the air, from one end of Paris to the other, held delightedly by long strings in little hands, but an India-rubber invention of the same size, just as ugly as their predecessors were charming. These balls, about eight inches in diameter, represent grotesque human heads and faces; some being a mere grin, others representing a horrible grimace, others again being minus an eye, a tooth, or an ear; some have one eye bandaged, other sport a pair of spectacles, and loll the tongue horribly. All are either painful, ugly, or grotesque; and are, if for this reason only, objectionable as toys, which ought, evidently, to suggest ideas of a more refined and healthy kind. But this is not the only objection to the new plaything—education, as everybody knows, being by no means confined to the action of teachers and books, and the influences of the play-ground being even more potent, for the formation of character, than those of the schoolroom; for it may well be doubted whether the good old game of foot-ball, when the ball itself consists of a representation of the human face, and the game of a series of kicks and objurgations bestowed on the same, can tend to develope any wholesome respect for humanity in general, or any generous compassion for the blind, the aged, the maimed, or the suffering, in particular. If the songs of a nation exercise a more powerful influence on its morality, and consequently on its destiny, than do its laws, surely the amusements and even the toys given to the "rising generation" cannot be without importance.

But leaving the details of the New Year's display, it is not uninteresting to cast a glance on the statistics of Parisian industry through the past year, Paris being not only the metropolis of fashion and pleasure, but also one of the principal manufacturing centres of France. It appears, then, that the 501 butchers of the Capital, increased to 513 since the suppression of the monopoly, have employed, at the slaughter-houses and in their shops, 1,500 individuals, and have done business to the amount of $3,000,000; the 601 bakers employed 2,650 persons, and their business amounted to $2,750,000; 382 pork-butchers, sausage-makers, &c., employed 850 persons, 75 of whom were women, doing a business of $4,000,000; 403 pastry-cooks engaged 1,700 workmen, their returns amounting to over $2,500,000; 95 confectioners employed 700 persons, of whom 290 are women, and have received $1,500,000, more than half of which business was done in the Sixth Ward, which does more in this trade than all the rest together; 97 chocolate-makers employed 500 workmen, and sold $1,000,000; 10 sugar refiners, with 490 workmen, have produced $5,500,000 worth of merchandise; 24 breweries, with 300 workmen, have produced $1,000,000; 132 distillers have occupied 375 workmen for an amount of business of $2,000,000.

We find, moreover, that gold-beaters have done business for $1,200,000; jewelry, $13,000,000; imitation jewelry, $1,250,000; silversmiths, $3,000,000; silver spoon makers, $2,150,000; platers, $1,500,000; the various branches of the silver and plating industry amounting in all to $28,000,000. In the miscellaneous branches known as "articles de Paris," business to the amount of $26,000,000 was done by 34 trades;—button-makers, $1,250,000; brushmakers, $420,000; cane and whip makers, $800,000; pasteboard articles, $1,700,000; straw hats, $1,700,000; hair-dressers, $850,000; fans, $750,000; gloves, $3,000,000; artificial flowers, $2,500,000; watchmakers, $2,200,000; umbrellas and parasols, $1,500,000; perfumery, $2,300,000; pianos, $2,600,000; ivory ornaments, $1,320,000; toys, $1,000,000, of which $300,000 go for dolls, $150,000 for military playthings, and $11,000 for tops, nine-pins, &c. Besides these trades, there are many minor branches, which, though small in themselves, make up a considerable additional item in the great aggregate production of the capital.

Strange to say, the fruit of last season, so unusually abundant, does not "keep" this year. Apples and pears of the finest appearance are apt to be decayed at the core; medlars are not to be procured in an eatable state; and it is feared that the wine made this year will hardly sustain its *cometary* reputation, for the grapes, which can generally be kept by dint of careful precautions until the spring, dry up, or become mouldy, to the great disgust of the fruiterers. Good grapes are therefore very difficult to obtain just now, and of course fetch a very high price, much to the annoyance of those who especially affect this fruit, and among others, to old Baron de Wertheim, who resides here, and who has lived entirely, since 1845, on grapes and bread, to the exclusion of every other article of diet. The Baron was formerly the colleague of Count de Lowenhielm, Minister for Sweden at the Court of the Tuileries from 1815 to 1855; he was in his youth page to Gustavus III., and was beside the King at the famous ball at which Aukerstroem killed his sovereign. During the summer the Baron's repasts cost him a very moderate sum; but when the month of October sets in, the price of his diet begins to increase; and as he eats several pounds of grapes every day, the cost of his meals, apparently so simple, is really greater through nine months in the year than the cost of the most luxurious dishes, as grapes can only be procured during the winter, spring, and early summer at an outlay of from ten to thirty or forty francs the pound. The Baron takes neither wine nor water; the grapes serving him for drink as well as for meat. He is eighty years of age, hale and hearty, and declares that he expects to outlive all his contemporaries; but the old fellow, with his Arcadian diet, has lived through some strange and stirring events already, and of all the queer doings he has witnessed, few are perhaps more curious than the elevation of Bernadotte to the throne of Sweden, and the way in which that event was brought about, as your readers may judge from the following bit of private, but authentic history:

In a lodging-house of the faubourg St. Honore, in 18—, two young men were conversing with much animation. One of them was a lieutenant in the French army, named Lapie; the other was Baron Morner, an officer in the Swedish army.

Morner, who had just arrived in Paris, on a diplomatic mission from Charles XIII., to General Wrede, Ambassador for Sweden at the French Court, was explaining to his friend the tenor of the difficult and delicate instructions of which he was the bearer.

Great disquiet pervaded Sweden at this period. The last of the Vasas, who had so long waged war against all opponents, had been compelled to yield the throne to the Duke of Sudermania, then Charles XIII.; but Charles was old, and childless; and all Sweden was pondering anxiously the question as to who should be his successor.

There were plenty of candidates for the prospective dignity. Napoleon supported the claim of the King of Denmark; Charles XIII. wished the Duke of Augustemberg to succeed him. Morner was sent to entreat Napoleon to leave aside the King of Denmark, and give his support to the Duke of Augustemberg.

"As for me," said Morner, in terminating his revelation to his friend Lapie, "I will not disguise from you that I am not in favor either of the King or the Duke."

"But who would you choose in their place," demanded his friend, "if it were in your power to place a King on the throne of Sweden?"

"I would choose a French general."

"That is an idea worth weighing," returned Lapie. "But tell me—are you acquainted with General de Wrede?"

"Not yet; I am but just arrived."

"So then, no one knows of your arrival, or the aim of your journey?"

"Well, my dear Morner, what if we should leave Charles XIII. and the Emperor to settle their difficulty as they can, and set ourselves meanwhile to give Sweden a King of our own choosing?"

"What folly! as though such a thing were possible."

"I tell you the thing strikes me as not only possible, but easy."

"In posting hither, I certainly thought of some one whom I should prefer to the Duke; but how shall we get any one accepted by the country?"

"Public opinion will accept our choice as soon as we have made it known. Your idea of choosing a French general is excellent. A lieutenant of the Emperor would be accepted with acclamation as the heir of the throne. Napoleon, flattered by the choice of one of his generals, will quietly drop the King of Denmark; and Charles XIII., believing the choice to have been made by Napoleon, will no longer venture to put forward his Duke of Augustemberg, but will support *our* candidate. Our victory is certain."

"You are a very profound politician, my dear Lapie!" cried the Baron. "*Ma foi!* I will risk the attempt; and I will only give to General de Wrede such instructions as shall serve to forward our views. But whom shall we choose as King of Sweden?"

"Let me think a little," replied Lapie, meditating. "I should like Eugene de Beauharnais well enough," he continued, after a few minutes silence.

"No, returned Morner; "he would be too dependant on Napoleon."

"That is true. Let us take Berthier."

"Worse still," said Morner, "he would be a mere instrument of the Emperor."

"Well, then, I see no one but Massena," resumed Lapie.

"He is too old, my dear fellow; he would probably die before his adopted father!"

"What do you think of Davoust?" suggested Lapie.

"Too stern, and too absolute," replied Morner.

"How would Bernadotte do?"

"Bernadotte! Capital!" exclaimed Morner, with enthusiasm; "you've hit it at last! Bernadotte is the very man for us; he has talent, and is covered with glory. His relationship to Napoleon ensures the Emperor's support. My dear Lapie you have found us exactly the king we want; Bernadotte shall be King of Sweden!"

Next day Morner waited on De Wrede, and gave him his instructions. He also saw the Prince of Ponte-Corvo, and informed him of the high destiny which was awaiting him.

"One vote in the Diet would fill the measure of my ambition," said Bernadotte; "but will Charles XIII. consent to accept me?"

"The people," replied Morner, "will dictate the king's choice."

As for Wrede he espoused the cause of Bernadotte all the more warmly that he had been his prisoner, at Lubeck, and had been most generously treated by him. He supposed Napoleon to be in favor of the nomination, because the Emperor had not been favorable to the Duke of Augustemberg.

Meanwhile the news of the choice of Bernadotte had reached Sweden, where it excited the greatest enthusiasm among the people, and the greatest surprise in the mind of the King. Wrede, by way of paying his court to Napoleon, waited on him to announce the choice of Bernadotte, and was amazingly taken aback on finding that the Emperor knew nothing about the matter. The fact was that the choice of Bernadotte was not agreeable either to Napoleon or to Charles; but the wishes of Sweden triumphed, and Bernadotte became King through the choice of Morner and Lapie. QUANTUM.

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HAVANA, Dec. 25, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—

We are having a rainy Christmas morning, so I will employ myself by giving you an account of our *seeings* and *doings*. After closing my letter yesterday, we visited one of the finest markets here. The inhabitants of this Island seem to have a perfect passion for hollow squares—even the market is within a square. The buildings forming the square are universally occupied as stores. There is a splendid display of fruit everywhere, and poultry and vegetables are also in abundance; but the meat market is very poor. A gentleman to whom we had letters, proved most kind in his attentions, and through him we gained much information. We not being able to speak Spanish, had constantly to refer to him, and electing him speaker, made purchases of fruit, &c. He hesitated when coming to the meat, thinking if we saw it we would never want to eat any more while there. And it certainly did not look tempting. Everything is carried to market on the backs of horses. You see a long line moving towards you; when near, you suddenly discover a horse's head sticking out from among panniers,—following the line you find one horse is tied to the tail of the other. A man has charge of the first horse, and of course the rest must follow. All produce is marvellously high. Turkeys from five to six dollars, young chickens from one dollar and ten, to one dollar and twenty cents *apiece*, beef twenty-five cents a pound, mutton and pork thirty-five to forty cents a pound, eggs ten cents *apiece*, corn two dollars and a half a bushel. Why prices rate so high, no one seems to know. We were told they raised three crops a year, and there is very little cultivating done—the climate being one perpetual summer, things almost grow spontaneously. While writing, a fine pineapple, many oranges, with other kind of fruit, lie on my table. The fruit is most delicious. Oranges are very cheap; you can buy a large plate full for five cents. The natives seldom eat them after dinner; either before breakfast, or at twelve o'clock, being the chosen times. I certainly never ate such fine oranges, notwithstanding a New York gentleman remarked that they had much finer at home. I begged leave to differ with him, and credited him with an attack of *New York mania*—a disease somewhat prevalent. While at market, we had a cocoa-nut cut. The hull was green, and it contained nothing but water, which all are very fond of. It is considered very wholesome. There is a great abundance of this fruit, each tree bearing from fifty to one hundred cocoa-nuts.

It is most fortunate for us that there is fruit, for though we are paying three dollars and a half per day for board, I fear we should starve, as we cannot fancy these Spanish dishes, not being fond of either saffron or garlic. The taste must be cultivated to like them, and our visit will be so brief that we consider we have not time for their cultivation.

In the morning, before your toilet is completed, a cup of coffee is handed in; secondly, a gentleman will smoke a cigar, and ladies will eat oranges. We breakfast at nine, dine at three, and take tea at seven. Having taken your coffee before breakfast, you are expected to drink claret during the meal, after which you can take a cup of coffee. The bread here is very good—the butter is not to be eaten; not but that it might transfer some *strength*, without injury to the butter. But it is not exactly to our taste. We are sorely exercised at dinner time to make selections. It would puzzle a chemist to find out what he eats, if he partakes of the general dishes.

Last evening it rained unceasingly till ten o'clock, and we were fearful we should be disappointed in visiting the churches, but fortunately at eleven the moon shone beautifully, and we hastened to reach "Saint Clara" before twelve o'clock. We found it to be a very pretty church, having fine music. There are no seats in any of the churches, save one row on either side, near the wall. At twelve o'clock precisely, the ceremony of the birth of Christ commenced. After a great deal of form, the particulars of which I was not near enough to gain, the infant Jesus was carried in the arms of the chief priest to and among the congregation, who had the privilege of kissing the infant's foot. All clustered around with great earnestness, each waiting their turn most anxiously. After leaving Saint Clara, we went to the Cathedral, and then to the church of the Jesuits. High mass was being said in all the churches, and was attended by all classes of people. I could not but admire the perfect equality in the position of the congregation—a forlorn negro woman in tattered garments, would kneel by a lady who did not feel contaminated by her meanness, nor shrink, as most of us would. In their worship they seemed equal. In the Cathedral, they had a representation of the stable with the manger, and an ox and ass feeding. "Mary" was standing on one side, and a boy taking his jacket off, "to wrap the infant Jesus in," so one of the congregation informed us. The babies all looked very much like large-sized "crying babies," dressed in very pretty baby clothes.

We lingered among the churches till two o'clock. On our return to the hotel we were astonished to find the liberty taken by those noisy inhabitants of all cities called *boys*, who were making the most uproarious imitations of the peculiar tone in which high mass was said. We could not avoid laughing heartily, it sounded so droll.

As with us, this seems to be a general holiday. Here it is kept up till the sixth of January, when the negroes have a special benefit.

This is certainly a most novel place, and the money it takes to live here exceeds anything we have ever known. No one need expect to spend a winter here without bringing a pocket full of cash. When you know how high wages and food are, you wonder not that board is $3,50 per day. A cook and washerwoman each get twenty dollars a month, and do nothing but cook and wash. All hired servants get from fifteen to twenty dollars a month, and one has to be kept for each department.

Rents are enormously high, and we scarcely considered the houses tenantable till we became accustomed to the peculiarity of style. The first thing that meets your eye upon looking into the hall is the volante; the hall almost invariably being the carriage-house. In many cases carriages are in the parlors, the hall and parlor having no partition between them. A lady can be driven into her parlor before stepping from her carriage. The horse is led through the house to his stable in the yard. Often there are three or four vehicles in the hall, which is the only entrance.

The ceilings of most of the houses are not plastered, merely painted; in one parlor I saw two wasp nests in the rafters. The furniture, generally, is quite plain; the sofas and chairs are cane seated. The chairs are universally placed facing each other, about three feet apart, say five in a row, and in the centre of the room; all are arm-chairs, either with or without rockers. I have counted twelve rocking-chairs in one room. Between these chairs is laid a rug, or a breadth of carpeting. This placing of the chairs *vis-a vis* is considered much more sociable than our style of arranging them.

The cracks in the stone floors are the chosen places for *fleas* to congregate; but I regret to say they do not remain congregated, but scatter to *enlivен* the multitude. They are particularly devoted to travellers, and I seemed an especial favorite, always having four or five practising gymnastics upon me.

Those ladies, whose means will not enable them to own a volante, are decidedly prisoned angels. Walking is a style of travel not in use here among ladies, neither is it considered proper even for a married lady to ride in a *hired* carriage, be it ever so handsome, without being attended by her husband. Two young ladies never can ride without being accompanied by one that is married, even though they own the carriage.

A lady who has resided here for the last three years tells me that she has never crossed her threshold without her husband. Think of that ye ladies at home; never going shopping without your husband; no gossipping calls without husband around. What a state of things! Yet such is the condition of affairs here, unless you are fortunate enough to own a carriage. In fact the possession of a carriage is so necessary, that some families live on soup so as to afford to keep a volante, and others are kept by contributions from rich friends.

This evening we go to the opera, a description of which I will give in my next.

Yours truly, A.

☞ The "Punctuation Train," on the Hudson River Railroad, is the one that makes all the stops.—*Exchange.*

THE WAKE OF ALBERT PIKE.

It appears from the Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, that the friends of Albert Pike, who was recently reported dead, had a fine wake over his *living* body in Washington recently. A new version of Pike's own song, the fine Arkansas gentleman, was given by William M. Burwell, of Virginia, who was one of the chief-mourners, and called his strain "The Arkansas Gentleman Alive Again."

Mr. Burwell sang this new version with infinite effect, every point drawing down applause, in which, by the way, the Defunct most heartily joined. It commences with relating how the fine Arkansas gentleman, miraculously restored to life in the last verse of Pike's own song, went off to chase the Buffalo, as he had done before, with his Indian friends.

The rumor of his visit had extended far and near,
And distant chiefs and warriors came, with bow, and gun, and spear;
So when he reached the council grounds, with much delight he sees
Delegations from the Foxes, Sioux, Quapaws, Blackfeet, Pottawattomies, Gros Ventres, Arrapahoes, Camanches, Creeks, Navajoes, Choctaws, and Cherokees.

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line.

They welcomed him with all the sports well-known on the frontier,
He hunted buffalo and elk, and lived on grouse and deer;
And having brought his stores along, he entertained each chief
With best Otard and whiskey, smoking and chewing tobacco, not forgetting cards, with instructions in seven-up, brag, bluff, and Euchre, till they drank themselves dumb and blind, having first war-whooped whoo-oop-ooped till he was deaf.

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line.

His time passed pleasantly on, while thus engaged. It is added,

Now, whilst he was enjoying all that such adventure brings,
The chase, and pipe, and bottle, and such like forbidden things,
Some spalpeen of an editor, the Lord had made in vain,
Inserted in his horrible accident columns, amongst murders, robberies, and thefts, camphene accidents, collisions, explosions, defalcations, seductions, abductions, and destructions, under a splendid black-bordered notice, the lamentable news that he was dead *again*.

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line.

The other papers copied it, and then it was believed
That death at last had taken him, so recently reprieved;
They mourned him as a warrior, a poet, and a trump,
And with elegies, eulogies, biographies, reviews, articles, criticisms on his productions, doubts whether he had ever fought, wrote, hunted buffalo, or indeed lived at all—and one incredulous pagan, "Johnse Hooper," of the Montgomery *Mail*, alway denied his dying, plump.

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line.

There was general grief at the sad news, and
So sad the tavern keepers and the faro bankers feel,
They crape the bell a half an hour, and intermit a deal

For this fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line.

But far above the common grief—though he was good as gold—
His creditors, like Jacob's wife, refused to be consoled;
They granted him a poet and a warrior, if you will,
But said they had extensive experience in generals, admirals, orators, statesmen, congressmen, actors, editors, letter-writers, route-agents, conductors, and other public characters who rarely paid a bill.

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line.

Behold in this excitement our distinguished friend arrive;
We "knew from a remark he made" that he was still alive.
Then every journal joyously the contradiction quotes,
The tailors take his measure, and the banks renew his notes.

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line.

But Johnny Coyle, an Irishman, the news refused to take,
He swore no gintleman alive should chate him of his wake;
So he called his friends together, as here you plainly see,
And has set out the spirits to lay the body *under* the table decently.

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line.

A "SUBMISSIVE AND PATIENT WOMAN."—Mr. Peabody one day came in from a walk. His wife said to him, "I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined to be submissive and patient." "Ah!" said he, "that is a good resolution; let us see what we have got to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. First, we have a home—we will submit to that. Second, we have the comforts of life—we will submit to that. Thirdly, we have each other. Fourthly, we have a multitude of friends. Fifthly, we have God to take care of us." "Ah," said she, "pray stop—I will say no more about submission."

THE INGRATITUDE OF REPUBLICS.—This is an old charge, often made with or without reason. Grote, in his History of Greece, does much to redeem Athens from it. The fault with the Greeks, he maintains, was oftentimes holding on too long to their great men when their measures had become injurious to the State.

THERE are homesteads which have witnessed deeds
That battle-fields, with all their hammered pomp,
Have little to compare with. Life's great play
May, so it have an actor great enough,
Be well performed upon an humble stage.

—*Westland Marston.*

army. If danger comes, you won't find me flinching."

"Very well," said the squire, "come over to my house by sunrise to-morrow, with your roan gelding, and we'll go out together; and now, William, if Sam will bring out the mare I'll go."

"Yes, sa," said Sam, who was wide awake, for a wonder, and disappeared without waiting for an order.

This Sam had been raised on a Maryland plantation, and had strayed over the line, unpursued by his master. Much to the old Quaker's discomposure, however, he could not break him of his bad habit of saying "sa" and "massa," though he had got him pretty well past manifesting respect by any other outward sign. Sam had got these two words so thoroughly incorporated into his language, that it was impossible to cure him.

"My name is William; not massa," said the old man the first time Sam used the word in speaking to him.

"Yes, sa?" inquiringly.

"Well, call me William then, and not master; and can't thee say "yes," without putting sir after it?"

"Yes, sa, I can, sa, sartin."

"Why don't thee do it then? Thee said it twice just now."

"Did I, sa? Well, to tell the trufe, massa, I'se used to it, an' I don' b'lieve I can help it. An' den I can't go an' call you jis by you' first name, nohow. I'd feel like I was sassy, and keep dodgin' all de time fear you'd gi' me a crack."

And Sam fairly beat the Quaker, who gave it up in despair, and allowed him to address him respectfully thenceforth.

He soon reappeared with the mare, who seemed the fresher for her feed and the energetic rubbing down with which she had been favored.

The squire mounted, rode through the lane to the main road, and turned the mare's steps towards his own house, which was about a quarter of a mile to the southeast of William Willson's. Roney, who lived about as far in the other direction, across the patch of woods at the west end of the lane, made his way home on foot, and went to bed after taking a look at his roan gelding to see that he was all right for the next day's work. All at the farm house were soon asleep, the farmer and his wife and the schoolmaster, whose week at "boarding" 'round, had located him there, in their beds, and Sam, who, with his Southern habits, would sleep no where else, on the floor, with his feet roasting among the ashes of the raked-up fire, and his head wrapped in a saddle-blanket, through which his snoring made itself audible in irregular muffled snorts and spasmodic gaspings, that would have indicated the last stage of suffocation in any one but a plantation negro.

The stars were still in the sky when Roney went to the stable to feed his horse and get him ready for the day's work. By the time he was mounted, the stars had all disappeared, and the first gray tint into which the blue had faded, was succeeded by the pale delicate green which announced the coming of the sun. This gradually grew warmer, and by the time he was fairly on his way, the whole eastern sky was flushed with the red light from the still invisible orb. A few long light streaks of cloud were hanging in the horizon, and as the increasing light struck them, it set their lower edges in a blaze of burnished gold, while the upper part was colored with the most exquisite tints, varying from pale rose to deep crimson, flecked with the rich gold wherever the vapor showed a fold or wreath. The tree tops were warmed with a ruddy tinge, and the dew drops, which had climbed to the points of the spears of grass, began to glisten in the level rays as the sun made his appearance above the horizon; the mist which hung along the course of the little run in the meadow, began to wreath itself into fantastic billows and roll upward and disappear; and as Roney emerged from the woods and reached the lane which led to William Willson's house, the full flood of light was pouring over meadow and tree and stream, and lighting up with wonderful beauty the quaint old farm-house, and the stiff Lombardy poplars which stood in front of it.

Cocks were crowing vigorously, and hens cackling and scratching up a breakfast for their young broods; dogs were barking, answering each other from farm to farm; horses were rising and shaking themselves, and cows were getting up *tail end first*, after their wrong-headed fashion, and beginning to graze immediately, as if they had not time to eat through the day; the larks were whistling from the grass, and the blackbirds were chatting from the trees.

In front of the barn, at the end of the lane, his form in strong relief against the sky, stood Sam in a pair of coarse tow linen breeches and an old rimless straw hat, with a flapping crown, a loose shirt of coarse check, and a swill-bucket in his hand. He was making the glorious morning hideous by his unearthly howling of Poo-oo-ee-o—Poo to Pwic—Pig-Po-Po, to which, his passion for making a noise being restricted in other matters, he was giving full vent in every variety of tone he could screw out of a tolerably flexible voice; repeating it as fast as his breath would allow, with a very unnecessary frequency, considering that before the first call was finished all the pigs were in full run towards him, grunting with might and main.

He was so intent on this business that he did not observe the approach of Roney until the latter mischievously guided his horse close to him from behind, so as to bring his mouth directly over the old hat, which the roan incontinently seized in his teeth, much to the amazement of Sam, who had no idea that anything was near him but the pigs. He gave a spasmodic but unsuccessful grasp with both hands at the receding hat, exclaiming, "Hi! what dat?" and catching an indistinct glimpse of the teeth and mane and large eyes right over him as he involuntarily threw back his head in the effort, he clasped both hands in his wool, and with a yell of fright dropped upon the best protected part of his body, with his eyes starting and teeth chattering with fear.

"Well, Sam, what's the matter?" said Roney, quietly.

Sam turned slowly around on his pivot-cushion and looked up, blankly at first, and then with a joyful recognition.

"Hi! Mass' Roney, dat you? De laws! how you skeared me. I tought it was de Debbil fo' sart'n, come to fotch me, 'cause I done stole de ole gobbler off de roost toder night."

"So *you* were the pole-cat Aunt Sally was abusing, after all, were you? I thought as much at the time," said Roney; "well, I've given you a pretty good fright, so I won't tell on you this time; but take care the next. If William Willson catches you at any such tricks he'll shake the wool off your head. Is he up yet?"

"Yes, sa," said Sam, "tank you, sa; I know'd you wouldn' say nuffin' 'bout de gobbler, an' I won't be cotch dat ar' way agin. Massa Willson he done gone down to the cawnfiel'."

"Well, tell him I've gone over to the squire's when he comes in to breakfast; come up, Freckles!" said Roney, touching with his spur the spirited roan, who bounded through the gate which Sam held open, and passed along the lane and down the road in a brisk canter. A minute or two sufficed to bring him to the gate which was the entrance to Squire Chandler's farm. As he raised the long wooden latch, the trained horse sidled into the field, pushing the gate open with his shoulder, and turned again of his own account for his rider to close it; a thing which no farmer neglects on his own place or his neighbor's.

Roney rode towards the house which stood a few hundred yards from the road, and, which, excepting that it was built of wood, was very similar to the one I have already described.

He found the household stirring, and, early as it was, a substantial breakfast of hot biscuits and wheat and rye bread, with the delicious butter which the farmers of Chester county have never been surpassed in making, stood awaiting him on a snow-white cloth, just from the press, and fragrant with the perfume of lavendar blossoms. These were the light parts of the meal; beside them were smoking dishes of "pork chops" and "split chicken" broiled to a turn, a plentiful supply of "ham and eggs," a plate of home-made gingerbread, another heaped with "fried potatoes," crisply browned, and sending up a most appetizing odor, and, to wash them down, the inevitable brown pitcher of new milk, and huge tin coffee-pot full of red hot coffee, besides a bountiful pitcher of last year's cider.

It was a rather formidable looking supply, but the tables of men like Squire Chandler, were provisioned on a liberal scale, and both he and his guest were endowed with a liberal capacity for enjoying it. However, they did not have to attack the meal alone, inasmuch as Mrs. Chandler, (the "Molly" of whom Richard Chandler had spoken in the beginning of my narrative,) and divers members of the family, besides three or four farm hands, were there to help.

It did not take long to dispatch the breakfast, and the two men mounted their horses, and prepared to start.

"Which way are you going, Thomas?" said the wife, who had come to the door with them.

"Straight to Elk," said he, "as fast as the beasts will carry us."

"Will you be back to-morrow?"

"No, I expect not," said the squire; "I don't know when we will be back, exactly, for I want to stay in sight of the British until I know for certain which way they are moving. It may be several days before we get back."

"Well," said she, anxiously, "I am afraid you will get into danger, and I shall be dreadfully worried 'till I see you again. But I don't want you to stay at home, if you can help the good cause any by going; only don't expose yourself, will you?"

"No danger of that, Molly," he answered, "we are likely to do more running than fighting, this time, at any rate; so farewell, and don't look for me 'till you hear me open the door."

The squire kissed his wife and daughter, gave his son some directions about the work during his absence, shook hands with him and the laborers who had gathered around to see them start, and cantered off with his young companion by his side.

As they passed the lane which led from the Concord road to William Willson's house, they overtook the schoolmaster on his way to his daily duty. Slackening their pace, they joined him, and all proceeded at a foot pace towards the "Street" road which lay along the foot of the western slope, stretching away in a south-westerly direction in a straight line until near the Brandywine.

"So! you are off," said Talbot; "what course do you purpose taking?"

"We will make towards Elk, by the way of Kennett," answered the squire; "if they have marched, that is the route they will most likely take; if they haven't, we will stay about until they do, and try to find out what their route will be, so as to give notice along the road to be ready for foraging parties."

"Well, I wish thee success, Thomas," said the schoolmaster, "and a safe return. And Roney, I am glad to see thee engaged in this way, instead of carrying a musket."

"Do you like pistols any better?" said Roney, raising his pocket-flap and showing the iron-bound butt of a heavy horseman's pistol.

"No, I can't say I do; I don't want thee to shoot thyself, and I should be very sorry to hear of thy shooting any one else. I was in hopes thee was going to confine thy efforts to reconnoitering, and not meddle with fighting."

"We don't expect to do any fighting, John," said the squire, "unless we are forced to. I am armed, as well as Roney, and if we are disturbed, or our passage is interfered with, we mean to bite; but will let everybody alone that lets us alone."

By this time they had reached the "Street" road, where their courses parted—the squire and Roney turning to the left, while the schoolmaster pursued his way to the little school-house, standing about a hundred yards or so to the right. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARTH is an island, parted round with fears;
The way to Heaven is through a sea of tears;
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship, but no man drowned.
—*Quarles.*

A NIGHT IN A LIFETIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[The following sketch is founded on a fact which occurred in the experience of a distinguished legal gentleman of Virginia:]

A fine summer day was drawing to a close as Mr. T., after dining with a brother-lawyer, mounted his horse to ride home. He had been entertained with the gentle and genial hospitality of the Old Dominion, and felt that agreeable stimulus of the animal spirits which follows in the train of a moderate dinner among congenial friends. He had delayed the moment of departure as long as possible, though the ride home was a long one, because he would have a full moon to light him on his way, and the air would be cooler after night-fall; so that it was with none but the most agreeable emotions he bade adieu to his friends, loosed the briddle of his horse, and turned into the road which led through the forest.

To a native sense of the beauty and excellence of Nature, Mr. T. added that refinement of taste, which is the result of careful mental culture, and a buoyancy of feeling which excess had never dulled. He enjoyed the serene silence of evening in the forest—the varied lights and shades on rock and tree and stream, and the peculiar air of majestic repose which Nature wears in the recesses of her woodland solitudes. The silence was interrupted only by the sound of his horse's feet over the even road, and the occasional note of a bird, or the croak of a frog—a prelude of the evening's concert. The scent of the evening air was delicious and refreshing, after the heat of the day. In short, so pleasurable were his emotions that Mr. T. rode along at a very easy pace, and it was only when the rapid increase of the darkness warned him of the approach of night, that he began to urge his horse to a greater swiftness. Absorbed in pleasant thought, and shut out by the loftiness of the trees from any but a very partial view of the sky, he had not observed a heavy battalion of clouds, which, after lying lazily along the horizon for some hours, now began to lift themselves towards the zenith, and emit an occasional angry flash—sure token of a coming storm. It was indeed approaching with a rapidity which mocked every effort he could make to reach a place of shelter before its out-burst. He rode rapidly, but each flash of lightning was followed by a nearer and nearer peal of thunder, and soon the darkness became intense, the wind began to rise and the rain to descend so heavily that our traveller was glad to remember he must now nearly have reached a large church, which stood on his homeward way, in the large, old-fashioned entrance to which he hoped to find a temporary shelter. With this view, he urged his horse to the utmost speed, and so violent did the tempest become, so close and incessant were the flashes of lightning, so heavy the rain, and so numerous the branhces torn from the trees by the wind, that he began to feel no small anxiety to reach a place of safety.

At length the lightning showed the old church near at hand. He rode up to it, dismounted, and placing his horse so as to protect him as much as possible from the storm, entered the deep and spacious door-way. As he leaned for support against the heavy folding door, to his surprise it yielded to the pressure, he opened it and entered the church, glad to find himself in so secure a situation. He walked up the central aisle and sat down in one of the pews near the middle of the church.

It was not possible for a man of the sensibility and unaffected piety of Mr. T. to find himself alone, in such a situation, and amidst such a manifestation of Almighty power as this furious tempest afforded, not to feel some degree of solemnity and awe. He sat down, and gave way to the many solemn reflections called up by the scene and the hour. He thought of the many who had once worshipped there who were now lying in their last, long sleep in the church-yard without. Once, upon their beds of down, how slight an obstacle, how small a vexation had been sufficient to banish slumber. Now—all the artillery of heaven, all the pelting of the pitiless storm, moved them not a jot. Imagination called up many a form once as familiar as the pews and pillars of the old church known from infancy. In thought he strove to follow some of these into that strange realm. At this moment a slight noise, in a momentary lull of the tempest, made itself heard apparently behind and above him. It was not strange, that at such a moment it sent a thrill of inexplicable emotion through his frame. In a moment the feeling passed away, and he turned, resolved to see, if possible, by the illumination of the next flash of lightning, what had caused the sound which had startled him. It came—broad, fierce, red, and revealed to him in the choir a form, a something that had life and motion, but a shape so undefined, so hideous that, with involuntary terror, he covered his eyes with his hands.

The place, the hour, the darkness, interrupted only by the glare of the lightning—the sounds of the tempest raging without—the solitude and this vague consciousness of unsuspected companionship, had, it must be confessed, a powerful effect on the mind of a man, naturally of the firmest courage, and nurtured in a society where cowardice is disgrace. A thousand wild conjectures rushed through his mind in that first momentary but irresistible onset of terror. Then his well tutored reason and his resolute will contrived to make themselves heard over the tumult of undefined fears and crowding fancies. And, at length, that most powerful of all ideas to soothe the mind, entered with its elevating and consoling train. The thought of the great Being to whom that place was dedicated—of His serene supremacy above all the wo and tumult of earth, above all the forces of nature, and the spirit of man himself, gave him a degree of composure in his present situation, which, he afterward owned, he should, without this aid, have wanted.

With restored calmness, he removed his hands from his eyes and looked up once more, hoping he had been the subject of some strange delusion of the senses. No—there; another flash showed it nearer, plainer than before—during those brief moments it had descended the gallery stair with unheard lightness and swiftness, and was soon on the same floor with himself. By this time the violence of the storm was somewhat abated. The flashes of lightning came at longer intervals. He had to wait some seconds, straining his eyes upon the darkness. The lightning came at last—dazzling and white—*it* showed nearer yet. Still undistinguishable, vague—a tangled mass of dark draperies and elf like locks and white gleams of face and hands—human, and yet not—*what* was this? thus wild in form, thus stealthy in its approaches? Could it be indeed a being from another world? He listened, with ear strained to its utmost capacity, but there was no sound, except that of the storm without.

To leave the church and encounter all the fury of the elements without, now appeared to him as a blessed relief. But, to do so, he must pass this unearthly figure. Another flash of lightning, which showed his fearful companion so near as to be almost within reach, quickened his lingering resolution. With a sudden summons of all his remaining courage, he rushed from the spot on which he had hitherto stood rooted, ran with his utmost speed down the long aisle, and gave a long gasp of relief as he felt the damp night-air, and heard the door shut behind him. To untie the bridle of his horse was the work of a moment; he sprang into the saddle—at that very moment he heard the church door shut violently—the horse gave a wild leap—but a wilder one had landed the fearful form safe behind the rider, and his waist was clutched by arms which held it like an iron vice.

The horse, seeming to share the terror of his rider, reared and plunged, and then started forward at his greatest speed. He instinctively took the right road towards home, and went at such a rate as promised soon to terminate this terrible journey. With the strength of desperation, Mr. T. tried to undo the rigid clasp about his waist, but the feeling of hands, cold as ice, and bony as those of a skeleton, was such an additional touch of horror, he dared not repeat the attempt. He spoke, and adjured his companion to tell its name and nature, but there was no answer, no movement, not even, as it seemed to him, the drawing of the breath; and thus they sped with wild swiftness, through the dark forest path, illuminated only by the fitful lightning. He could never afterwards give any clear account of his sensations during a ride which naturally seemed to him interminable. That he retained his reason and his life under the long continued stress of such mortal terror, was a matter of surprise to himself and his friends. It was over at last. Home was at hand. He saw its friendly lights, and with a sense of relief and thankfulness never before experienced, he stopped at his own gate. It was opened by a faithful servant, who had sat up with the anxious wife of Mr. T. to await his return. But the frightened horse did not give Peter time even for an exclamation of surprise at seeing his master return thus accompanied—he shot past the gate, flew across the lawn, and only stopped finally at the hall-door with a shock so sudden as almost unseated both his riders.

The next day it was discovered that the companion of Mr. T.'s night-ride was an insane woman, who had escaped from her keepers, and after hiding in the woods, had taken refuge from the storm in the church just before he entered it. When Mr. T. discovered the real nature of the being who had caused him so much suffering, he was surprised at his own panic, and was willing to attribute it to an unaccountable depression of nervous energy, such as is sometimes experienced by those who boast the most robust physical and moral health.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AN EX-EDITOR.

In November last, in a speech of the Hon. Edward Everett, at Danvers, Mass., he referred to a steam vessel exhibited before Charles V. of Spain, as early as 1549. He also referred to a poor genius, accused of "lunacy," who, about a century after, for importuning Cardinal Richelieu, then premier of France, concerning his alleged discoveries of the application and powers of steam, was, by order of the Cardinal, confined in a madhouse in Paris. This man was a native of Normandy. To those who visited the institution where he was incarcerated, he would exclaim from his cell: "I am not mad, I am not mad. I have made a discovery that will enrich the kingdom that adopts it." He was laughed at. The learned orator also glanced at Rumsey, of this country, but without date, and likewise at Fulton, of whom he says: "In the year 1799 the thought became mature in Fulton's mind."

Some years ago I read an account of the vessel above referred to, as having been exhibited before the king (Charles V.) on the Tagus, and the account stated that the vessel was destroyed by his order, for the alleged reason that it would throw the bargemen out of employment. I also saw a statement of another steam vessel, which, a considerable time after, plied on a canal connected with the river Clyde, in Scotland, and this, too, was destroyed because it occasioned the washing away of the banks of the canal. I happened, very recently, to have had access to the original drawings and copies of the specifications of the application of steam to navigation, by James Rumsey, and also a copy of the patent from George III., awarded to him for his steamboat, which Mr. Everett mentioned in his speech referred to as having attracted the attention of Washington, who "expressed his satisfaction" at the experiment of Rumsey. The *first* person who ever successfully applied steam to navigation in *this* country was James Rumsey, and this I can show incontrovertibly.

James Rumsey was born on Bohemia manor, Cecil county, Maryland. The date of his birth is not known. After he attained to manhood he moved to Virginia, and married and settled in or near Shepherdstown, in Berkley county. Early in the year 1784, Rumsey built a boat at Shepherdstown, and in the fall of that year, he and his brother-in-law and Nicholas Orrick—his partner in a store—went on board the boat after night, and she was put in motion and propelled by steam, but not to Rumsey's satisfaction. He was exceedingly jealous of his method of applying steam, fearing that it might be pirated from him, and this led him to be particularly cautious in all his operations with regard to it. His caution, in a great measure, retarded the proper developement of his plan. To ensure secrecy he had separate parts of his machinery made at different shops, and the workmen were kept ignorant of the purpose for which they were intended; consequently, when the various parts were put together, they did not connect with the requisite exactness, and the entire machinery did not work with the desired precision.

In 1785, he obtained from the Legislature of Maryland an Act granting him the "exclusive right for ten years, in constructing, navigating, and employing boats constructed after his new invented model, upon the creeks, rivers and bays, within that State. In 1788, he again applied to the Legislature of Maryland for an Act granting him the exclusive right "of constructing, navigating, and employing for a certain term of years, the several boats, engines and machinery, by him invented and improved." He corresponded with Washington as early as 1784-5, on the subject of his inventions for boats, and complaining that Jonathan Fitch, had taken the idea of propelling boats by steam, from him. This is shown by an original manuscript letter of August 10, 1785, (now before me,) written by Rev. Jared Sparks, biographer of Washington, and who had access to the papers left by him.

On the 3rd of December, 1787, Rumsey made an experiment, in the presence of a number of persons, with his boat on the Potomac river, and she moved at the rate of three miles an hour against the current with two tons on board, exclusive of her machinery, which was estimated to weigh not more than five to eight hundred pounds, and "did not occupy the space of more than four feet, by two and a half." Eight days after, viz., on the 11th of December, 1787, he made another experiment, "with about three tons on board, at the rate of four miles an hour, without an oar or anything but the force of steam, either to generate or assist the motion." These experiments were witnessed, and certified to, by Major General Horatio Gates, and many other highly respectable gentlemen. Rumsey had a very violent quarrel with Fitch, pending these experiments, as to which had priority in the application of Steam to Navigation; Rumsey got the better of his competitor, both as to priority of application and method of applying. In a letter of Washington to Thomas Johnson, Esq., of Maryland, (afterwards Governor of the State,) dated Mount Vernon, November 22nd, 1787, after alluding to an interview with Rumsey in September, 1784, he mentioned seeing him in the November following, and his speaking about applying steam to navigation. Washington goes on to state—(I quote from his *autograph* letter before me)—"It is proper for me herewith to add, that sometime *after this*, Mr. Fitch called upon me, on his way to Richmond, and explaining his scheme, wanted a letter from me, introducing of it to the Assembly of this State—the giving of which I declined; and went so far as to inform him that although I was enjoined not to disclose the principles of Mr. Rumsey's discovery, yet I would venture to assure him, that the thought of applying steam for the purpose he designed it, was not original, but had been mentioned to me by Mr. Rumsey." So much for the priority.

Mr. William Askew, of Berkley county, Virginia, makes affidavit, December 8th, 1786, that he saw the boat said to be constructed by Fitch, in Philadelphia, in September, 1786, and that, "on taking a view of which boat (and from the information of a gentleman who appeared to be concerned in the said machine) this deponent is of opinion the boiler will hold five hundred gallons of water. From what he was informed, from the gentleman aforesaid, and from his own view, his opinion is, that the machinery of Mr. Fitch's boat, on a moderate calculation, will, on its present construction, weigh seven tons, exclusive of the quantity of wood necessary for the boiler. This deponent says that he verily believes that the machinery of Mr. Fitch's steamboat must necessarily cost three hundred pounds. This deponent has lately seen the steamboat constructed by James Rumsey, of Berkley county, Virginia, and believes, from good information, as well as his own opinion on examination, that Mr. Rumsey's steam machinery will not, on its present construction, weigh more than eight hundred pounds, and may be worked with a very inconsiderable quantity of wood or coals, perhaps not more coals in twelve hours than four bushels; and that Mr. Rumsey's boiler need have no more water, at one time, than one pint, or perhaps not so much, to keep the machinery in sufficient motion to stem the stream of a river, sufficiently fast to be safe with a cargo of goods. This deponent is well convinced that the whole of Mr. Rumsey's machinery may be made for twenty pounds, nor will it occupy more room in a boat than four barrels of flour."

Another witness, Mr. Henry Bedinger, certifies to having seen both boats with their machinery, thinks Fitch's is bulky and weighty, leaving little room in the boat for loading—supposes the weight to be five tons—supposes Rumsey's apparatus complete could not weigh more than five hundred pounds. Other witnesses give similar statements.

Rumsey published a pamphlet at the time (I have a copy by me) to prove his priority over Fitch, and the cheapness and superiority of his machinery. The foregoing and other testimony, was published in the pamphlet. They both experimented about the same period. Rumsey explains his invention as follows:—"In the bottom of the boat, on the kelson, there is a trunk, the after end of which is open, and terminates at the stern post; the other end is closed, and the whole trunk, according to its dimensions, occupies about three-fourth parts of the length of the boat. On the closed end of the trunk stands a cylinder two and a half feet long, from this cylinder there is a communication by a tube to the river or water under the boat, on the top of this tube and within in the cylinder, there is a valve to admit the water from the river into the cylinder, and it likewise prevents it from returning again the same way. There is another communication which lets water pass freely from the cylinder to the trunk, through which it is discharged by the stern; on the top of this cylinder there stands another of the same length, which is fixed to the under one by screws; in each of these cylinders there is a piston which moves up and down with very little friction; these pistons are connected together by a smooth bolt, passing through the bottom of the upper cylinder; the lower cylinder acts as a pump, which draws water from the river through the tube of the valve before described. The upper cylinder acts as a steam engine, and receives its steam from a boiler under its piston, which is then carried up to the top of the cylinder by the steam, (at the same time, the piston of the lower cylinder is brought up to its top, from its connection with the upper piston, by the aforesaid bolt,) they then shut the communication from the boiler, and open another to discharge the steam for condensation; by this means the atmosphere acts upon the piston of the upper cylinder, and its force is conveyed to the piston in the lower cylinder, by the aforesaid connecting bolt, which forces the water, then in the lower cylinder through the trunk, with considerable velocity; the reaction of which, on the other end of the trunk, is the power that propels the boat forward."

Fitch's method was totally different. He adhered closely to first principles, using paddles or oars as propellers, as all primitive people—savages in every clime—propel their canoes. Fitch seemed thoroughly wedded to "first principles." He undertook to make an *iron horse*, that like the living horse of bone, flesh and sinew, should become locomotive by moving his feet, and he labored assiduously on this chimera, and yet he *did make* the *first locomotive*, without being himself aware of it. He was employed by the authorities of Philadelphia to make a steam dredging machine for the Schuylkill river. He built it in his shop a long distance from the river. He was laughed at, and asked how he would get it to the water? He replied, "Never mind, wait 'till I'm ready." When he was ready he put four wheels under the boat, geared them to the steam machinery of the dredge, got up steam, guided his boat to the river and launched her, and thus he had to all intents and purposes a veritable practical *locomotive*, yet did not appreciate it, but continued to work on at his *iron horse!*

Rumsey persevered with his invention against every species of difficulty, and until his means were entirely exhausted. He formed a "Rumseyan Society," and issued certificates of stock in his inventions to some few who had faith in his plans; but this scheme failed likewise, and although he had exclusive privileges both from Maryland and Virginia, and obtained, under Mr. Jefferson's signature, patents from the United States under our then very imperfect patent laws, yet he was obliged to abandon his enterprise in this country. He received no remuneration, very little sympathy and encouragement, and much contumely and the appellation of "*Crazy Jim Rumsey*," (like the poor genius mentioned by Mr. Everett,) and in the latter part of 1787 he went to England. He became the intimate friend of the great American painter, Sir Benjamin West, and in his plans for steam navigation received aid and co-operation from Earl Stanhope.

In 1788 he procured patents from the British government, and commenced the construction of a boat on the Thames. It was partially successful, but the same jealous caution previously alluded to, which prevented the full development of his enterprise in America, produced a similar result in England. He, however, made the acquaintance of many men of science and learning, and was elected a member of the London Philosophical Society, though himself by no means an educated man, as his letters evince. While lecturing before the Society on the subject of his inventions, on the evening of December 20, 1792, he complained of his head, fell back into an arm chair and was removed to an hotel, where, the next evening, he expired, and his remains were interred at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

At the time of Rumsey's death, Robert Fulton was in London prosecuting his plans for the introduction of his war-rocket; he was well acquainted with Rumsey, and was an auditor at his lectures. The breath had scarcely left the body of Rumsey, when Fulton hastened over to Paris, where Mr. Livingston was our Minister, and made known to him Rumsey's plan of steam navigation. Livingston soon adopted the views of Fulton. They returned to this country. Fulton married into the Livingston family, then powerful and influential. He made an improvement on Rumsey's invention, by taking the idea from an overshot mill wheel, and thereon constructing paddle wheels for a steamboat. Through the influence, chiefly of the Livingstons, he, in connection with them and a few others, obtained from the Legislature of New York the exclusive right of navigating the Hudson, River, &c., by steam, and he not very long after procured from the government the contract for the construction of the great steam-frigate "Fulton the First," which was built for the defence of New York harbor. Some twelve or thirteen years ago the Congress of the United States granted to the heirs of Fulton a gratuity of sixty-five thousand dollars! On Rumsey's deaf and dumb son, an inmate of an asylum at the South, Congress, a few years previous, bestowed a *gold medal* of the value of *ten dollars!* Who will say that "republics are ungrateful?"

The proofs of Rumsey's claim to priority in steam navigation in this country, are irrefragable and voluminous, and would establish his claim in any court in Christendom. The foregoing facts are drawn from a mass of documentary evidence duly authenticated by the best authorities. Rees's Encyclopedia puts down the experiments of Fitch at about the date of the first experiments of Rumsey. This is a mistake; there is ample evidence to the contrary. A friend of Fitch, writing in the Philadelphia Herald to prove that steam navigation was projected by another, before Fulton, says,—"This individual was John Fitch, by trade a watchmaker, who, in the year 1785, conceived the great project of making a vessel to be propelled by the force of condensed vapor." This conception, it will be perceived, was a *year after* Rumsey's first *experiment*.

The heirs of Rumsey have again and again petitioned Congress, for some worthy and sub-

stantial remuneration, for the great service rendered to the nation by their progenitor. The heirs of Fulton are highly and powerfully connected; their prayer for a gratuity was graciously answered. The heirs of Rumsey are poor and humble; their prayer has been in vain; thus, even in Democratic, Republican America, genius must succumb to, or be thrust aside by, wealth, station or political influence.

The last time the papers in Rumsey's case were laid before Congress (some few years ago), they were placed before the Committee on Claims in the Senate. The Committee had before them a very large amount of business, to expedite which, the claim of each several claimant (or case) was put in the hands of some one of the members of the Committee, and his report was to be adopted as the report of the Committee. The Rumsey petition and papers were put into possession of an Honorable Senator for his report, and six months after, at the close of a long session, the attorney withdrew them, and found them all safe and undisturbed. They appeared not to have been removed from the Committee-room; the tape with which he had bound them together had never *seen beat cut or untied!*

THE DOVE AND THE SERPENT.

BY HARDWICKE BOWMAN.

She was but a child—not sixteen quite,—
When he singled her out with fell intent;
An innocent, thoughtless, foolish thing,
Brimfull of romance and sentiment.

Her beauty,—description is not my forte,
And words cannot picture a being so fair!
But you may imagine it, when I say,
E'en the women allowed it beyond compare.

Never a smoother villain than he,
Has these lived I think since the world began:
As calm, (and as deep) as the tropical sea,
Indeed he was a wonderful man.

Oh, what an actor he was—good Lord!
Not a mere creature of spangles and paint,—
Equal to every part—but his best,
A sort of a cross between hero and saint.

He conversed,—and well too—on a thousand themes,
From cooking a pheasant, to points in theology;
He could dance, and fence, and play, and sing
A love song, or a long-metre doxology.

The women—dear credulous souls, believed,
There never was man so good or so wise,
So noble, courteous, gifted, brave,
Oh, he was a Crichton, in their eyes!

He talked of adventures wild and rare,
Which he had met with in foreign lands—
Shipwrecks and battles, and strange escapes,
On the ocean waves and the desert sands.

He told them well—for he had them fresh,
All learned out of the newest books:
He related how he had shaken hands
With Louis Napoleon and Admiral Stodka.

How with her Grace, the Duchess of Bingo,
At balls he had threaded "the German's" maze,
How he had been presented at Court,
And dined in State with old General Blazes.

He deceived them all—yes, all but her,
The oldest head and the keenest mind;
But innocence is clairvoyant I think,
And Instinct sees, where wisdom is blind.

And at last, when all was ripe, as he thought,
He declared his passion with fervid grace,
And she—who could have dreamed such a thing!
Listened demurely, and—laughed in his face.

—*California Home Journal.*

THE ROCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THREE KINDS OF FOLLY," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

The clocks were tolling the three-quarters before midnight, as a gentleman splashed through the mud and wet of the London streets, on his way to a West-end gambling-house. It was the barrister, Thomas Kage. He was not given to frequent such places on his own account, but he was in urgent search of one who was. Not a cab was to be had, and his umbrella was useless; and glad enough was he to turn into the dark passage which led to its entrance, and shake the wet from his clothes. Dark, cold, and gloomy as it was here, inside all was light and warmth, and he was about to give the signal which would admit him to it, when the door was cautiously opened and two gentlemen came forth.

One of them, he was in her majesty's regimentals, wore a scowling aspect; and with reason. He had become addicted to that bad vice, gambling; the worst vice, save one, that man can take to himself; and this night he had lost fearfully. Mr. Kage remained in his dark corner, but some one, who seemed to have been waiting there, glided out of the opposite one.

"Major," said this last, "I must speak to you."

"What the—mischief—brings you here?" demanded the scowling officer.

"I have waited for you two mortal hours. I was just in time to see you enter; and got threatened by the door-keepers, for insisting upon going in after you. I had not the password. Can I speak a word with you, major?"

"No," answered Major Dawkes. "I want to hear nothing. You know where I live, and you might come there. Pretty behavior, this is, to waylay an officer and a gentleman."

"Excuse me, major, but if you play at hide-and-seek—"

"Hide-and-seek," interrupted Major Dawkes. "What do you mean, sir?"

"It looks like it. You can never be seen at your house, and you will not answer our letters. It has not been for pleasure that I have waited here, like a lackey, this miserable night; we might have sent a clerk, but I came myself, out of courtesy to your feelings. If I cannot speak with you, I will give you into custody; and you know the consequences of that."

The major drew aside with him, and a few words passed between them in a whisper.

"To-morrow at twelve then, at the office," concluded the lawyer—as he evidently was. "And you will do well to keep the appointment, major, this time," he significantly added; "if you do not, we will not wait another hour."

The speaker turned out of the passage into the pool at its entrance, and then waded through other pools, down the street. Major Dawkes and his friend stood watching him. The major's cab was waiting, but his man, probably not expecting him so soon, was in the public-house round the corner; somebody else's man flew to fetch him.

"Horrid creatures these creditors are," cried the major's friend. "But it is the most incomprehensible thing in the world, Dawkes, that you should suffer yourself to be bothered in this way. *Of* course it is no secret that you are up to your eyes in embarrassment; there's not a fellow in the regiment owes half what you do for play, let alone other debts; why don't you pay up, and get clear?"

"Where's the money to do it? I don't possess a mine of gold."

"But your wife does. She has eight or ten thousand a year, and where does it all go to?"

"Nonsense," peevishly uttered Major Dawkes. "My wife's income is not half as much. It would not be more than that, if her child died."

"Oh, ay, I forgot—the best part of the money is settled on little Canterbury. Can't you touch his thousands?"

"I should not have waited till now to do it, if I could. His thousands are tied up to accumulate. A lordly fortune, his will be, by the time he is of age."

"But with so much money in the family—your own son's, as may be said—surely there are ways of getting at it. You might have the use of some to clear you, and pay it back at your leisure."

"So I would, if it were not for the boy's trustee," returned the major. "He's as tight a hand as you could find. I broached the point to him a few weeks ago; not taking Mrs. Dawkes into my counsels; and he cut me short with a haughty denial. He's a regular curmudgeon."

Little thought the major that the "curmudgeon" was in the dark passage behind him—Thomas Kage.

"Then, if things are like this, how can you go plunging into expense at the rate you do? You must have lost a cool three hundred to-night."

"It is in my nature to spend," cried the major; "and spend I must, let who will suffer."

"Well, it does seem hard that a sickly child should be keeping you out of your thousands a year."

So hard did it seem, that Major Dawkes gave a curse to it in his heart; and another curse, spoken, to his servant, who now came up. He entered his cab, and, giving his friend a lift, was driven home; while Mr. Kage was admitted to the hidden mysteries of the house; but with his business there we have nothing to do.

Mrs. Dawkes was at that time recovering from an illness, and had retired to rest before the major's return. He proceeded to the room above hers, which he at present occupied; but sleep he could not; anxiety prevented it, for his position was beginning to look very black. He had spoken truth when he said he was by nature a spendthrift, and his early recklessness had compelled him to sell out of the army. It was a fortunate thing for him that he came in contact with Mrs. Canterbury, and contriving to patch up matters for a while, so that his embarrassments were not suspected, succeeded in becoming her second husband. Some ready money thus came into his hands, which he used; his family also assisted him; so that he started clear again, and repurchased into the army. But his old habits retained their sway; he launched out into, not only imprudent but sinful expenses; and they brought their consequences with them. Happy for him had they brought debt alone; but, to get himself out of one dreadful embarrassment, he obtained money upon a bill, which—which—had something peculiar about it, to speak cautiously; and which nobody could be found to own. The firm who had innocently advanced the money upon it, and whose junior partner was the gentleman who had lain in wait for the major that night, would hush it up, on condition of the money being found, but, otherwise, they were threatening exposure and consequences. Other parties, to whom the major was legally, if not criminally responsible, were also threatening exposure and consequences; so that, together the major had enough to disturb his rest. He knew quite well that if all came out that might come out—apart from the peculiar bill—he and his wife should probably be too, for the future; and the army would drum him out of it, and society would scout him.

"A nice state of affairs!" thought he; "something must be done. What a fool I have been!"

"Something." But what? He saw but one hope—that Mr. Kage, the trustee for his stepson, would allow him the use of a few thousands of the child's large fortune. The thought of this fortune, so close at hand, yet so inaccessible to him—for, if the child died, the whole of it reverted to Mrs. Dawkes—had begun to be to the major as a very nightmare; it haunted his dreams, it haunted his daily thoughts; it was ever present to him, sleeping or waking. Like the gold fever that fell on some of us, and sent us out to Australia, little better than eager madmen, so had a gold fever attacked Major Dawkes. As the value of a thing, coveted, is enhanced to a fabulous height by longing, and diminished by possession, so did this fortune of little Tom Canterbury's wear, to his step-father, an aspect of most delusive brightness. In its attainment appeared to lie the panacea for all ills, the recompense for past and present troubles, a real, golden paradise. Major Dawkes particularly disliked children, but when he had met with Mrs. Canterbury this dislike was suppressed, and to win his way to her favor he feigned a deep love for her child—of whom she was ardently fond. In striving to ingratiate himself with the boy, he had really acquired a liking for him; a mild, gentle little fellow he was, whom anybody might love; but since this hankering after his fortune had arisen, he had grown to hate him, and to look upon him as a deadly enemy, who stood between him and light.

In the morning, the major proceeded to his engagement, and when he returned home his wife was in the drawing-room, surrounded by a bevy of visitors. Mrs. Dawkes, lovely still, but pale from recent illness, sat in their midst, elegantly attired, talking with one, laughing with another, exacting admiration from all; an adept was she in the fashion and frivolities of life. The major saw no chance of private conversation with her then.

He reappeared when the visitors were gone, and she was alone with her child, a delicate boy of six or seven years.

"Caroline," said he, "send Tom away; I want to speak with you."

"Is it nothing you can say before him?"

"Are you so infatuated with that child that you cannot bear him out of your sight?" angrily demanded the major, who was in a most wretched mood, and particularly bitter against the child.

Mrs. Dawkes was surprised; his ebullition of temper had usually been restrained in his presence. She did not condescend to retort.

"Go to that table, Thomas, and amuse yourself with the large picture-book," she said, pointing to the far end of the room, where, if they spoke low, he would be out of hearing. "What is it?" she coldly continued to her husband.

"My dear, you must pardon me; I am in trouble and perplexity," resumed the major, remembering that, to provoke his wife, was not exactly the best way to attain his ends. "I have been answering for the debts of a brother officer, Caroline, and have got into difficulties through it," he continued, having rehearsed over the tale he should tell.

"Rather imprudent in you to do so, was it not?" interrupted Mrs. Dawkes.

"I suppose it was, as things have turned out; for he died, and it all fell on me."

"His liabilities?"

The major nodded.

"I have been trying to pay it off, as I could, and have run into debt myself in consequence. Caroline, my dear," he added, in a sepulchral tone, "your husband is a ruined man."

To one who, like Mrs. Dawkes, had a splendid country mansion, and three or four thousand a year in her own right, and of which nobody's imprudence could deprive her, husband or no husband, the above announcement did not convey the dismay it would to many wives.

"How shall you get out of this mess?" quoth she.

"I can get out of it in two ways; one is by paying up; the other, by shooting myself."

"Ah," said she, equably, "people who *talk* of self-shooting, rarely do it. Don't be an idiot, Barnaby."

"Caroline," he rejoined, in a tone of agitation, "if I make light of it to you, it is to save you vexation; but I speak literally and truly, that I must pay, or—or—disappear somewhere, either into the earth or over the seas."

"What can be done?" she uttered, after a pause of consternation; "we have no ready money to spare, for our expenses swallow up everything."

"*Our* ready money would not suffice. The poor fellow was inextricably involved; and—" he added, dropping his voice to a faint whisper—"ten or twelve thousand pounds would not more than pay it."

She gave way to a scream of dismay.

"Oh, Barnaby!"

"But for that deceitful old aunt of mine dying, and leaving me nothing in her will (I hope there's a Protestant purgatory, and that she's in it!) I should never have had occasion to tell you this. Indeed, but for the expectation of inheriting her fortune, I should not have answered for the poor fellow."

"What is to be done!" repeated Mrs. Dawkes, returning to the practical consideration of the dilemma.

"One thing can be done, Caroline; you can help me out—if you will."

"I!" she repeated.

"You can get Tom's trustee, Kage, to let me have the money. I will repay it."

"He will not do it."

"He will if you ask him: for me he would not."

"He never will," she repeated. "I know Thomas Kage too well. He is the most perfectly straightforward, honorable man breathing, ridiculously so. I am right, Barnaby, cross as you look over it: he would no more consent to lend a pound of Tom's money than he would lend the whole."

Major Dawkes's temper rose again.

"Then more foolish you, to appoint him trustee! When those, named in Mr. Canterbury's will, died, could you not have kept the power in your own hands? Why need you have given it over to that worthless Tom Kage?"

Mrs. Dawkes smiled.

"If you and I were but half as worthy as he is, Barnaby!"

"Will you lend it me?" growled the major.

"No. I have not the power. And if I had, I would not suffer Tom's money to be played with."

The major was angry and wroth: and the little boy, alarmed at the raised voices, left his picture-book, and stole timidly forward, halting in the middle of the room.

"You see how necessary was the precaution you find fault with," said Mrs. Dawkes. "Had I kept the control of his fortune in my own hands, it might been wasted in supplying emergencies like the present. I should ill fulfil my duty to my child, to suffer him to grow up a beggar. I am very sorry, Barnaby, that you should have got into this dilemma, but it is not Tom's money that can extricate you."

Major Dawkes turned round and stepped against the child, not knowing he was so near: at the encounter his fury broke bounds.

"You little villain!" he foamed, with a worse imprecation, "do you dare to stand between me and—and—your mother? There's for you."

It was a cruel blow he struck the child, and it felled him to the ground. The major kicked him there, in his dark hatred, his irrepressible passion, and went foaming from the room. Mrs. Dawkes raised the boy in her arms and tottered with him to a seat: she was weak from her late illness, but indignation gave her strength. For ten minutes, at least, neither spoke; the child sobbed on her neck, and she sobbed over him.

"Mamma, what had I done?"

"You had done nothing, my darling. He wants to spend your money," she added in her indignation.

"Oh, mamma, let him have it; and we will go away from here. Papa is never kind to me now."

"Yes, we will go away—we will go to the Rock, my boy, your own home. If papa likes to follow us, and behave himself, he can; and if not, he can stay away."

"Let papa have my money," repeated Tom Canterbury. "I don't care for money."

"You do not understand, dear," was the reply of Mrs. Dawkes.

"We shall not want money in heaven, mamma."

"No, that we shall not."

"I wish I was there," sighed the child. "It is full of flowers and sunshine; and no one is cruel; Jesus will not let them be. Mamma, I *wish* I was there."

"Why, who has been talking to you about wishing to be there, Tom?" asked Mrs. Dawkes, in surprise.

He made no direct reply, he appeared to be lost in thought.

"It is better than the Rock, mamma," he whispered.

Presently the nurse came in. It was Master Canterbury's hour for walking out.

"The streets are damp, after last night's rain," observed Mrs. Dawkes to her. "He shall not walk this afternoon; he does not seem over well: you must take him in the carriage, Judith. Order it at once."

The nurse did as she was bid, and then took Tom up stairs to get him ready. The major came into the room as they left it. He was ready to strike himself down, as he had struck the boy, for giving way to so impolitic a gust. His wife listened to his apologies in haughty silence.

"Caroline, believe me," he continued; "I was betrayed out of myself, but it was in my over anxiety for your peace and comfort."

"It is for my peace and comfort that you ill-treat my child!" sarcastically rejoined Mrs. Dawkes.

"He is an angel, and I love him as such," apostrophised the major, as emphatically as he could bring himself to utter. "I was in a whirlwind of passion, Caroline, and did not know in the least what I did. I was agonised at the prospect before you: yes, my dear: for if I can't pay that poor dead man's creditors, they'll come in, into this very house, and seize upon it, and all that is in it."

"Seize our house and all that is in it!" she repeated, in consternation. "Will they seize me and Tom?"

The major gave vent to a dismal groan; but it was to hide a laugh. "No, no, my dear, but they'll take every stick and stone it contains, and you'll be left here with bare walls, you and the servants, and I shall be in prison, unable to comfort you. And think of the shock such a scandal will cause in society."

The last sentence told on the lady's ear. Society! aye, there's the terrible bugbear of civilised life. What will society think? What will society say? We care a vast deal more for society than we do for our "sticks and stones." Mrs. Dawkes was eager herself, now, to void off these disagreeable consequences, and after some mental debate, she despatched a note to her cousin, Thomas Kage.

He answered it in person. It was evening, and Mrs. Dawkes was alone. She explained to him the embarrassment, so far as she was acquainted with it, and preferred the request her husband had suggested—that he would advance some twelve thousand pounds of the child's money.

"Major Dawkes has been prompting you to ask this," observed Mr. Kage.

"He pressed me to ask it to-day, and I refused, and it caused an unpleasant scene between us," she answered, her cheek reddening with the remembrance. "But when he explained the frightful position we are in—that rude rough men, harpies he called them, will break in here and seize upon our things, and leave the house empty, of course it startled me into feeling that something must be done to prevent it. The major says they'll bring vans to take the furniture away, and pitch beds, and such like, out of the window into them. Only think the uproar the neighborhood would be in at seeing it."

"Caroline," said Mr. Kage, in a low tone, "when you solicited me to take upon myself this trusteeship, I informed you that if I did so, I must identify myself with the child's interest. I told you that I should never, under any inducement, be prevailed upon to advance you, or your husband, or any other person, any portion of the money. You must remember that I accepted it on those conditions only."

"Certainly I remember it; it is not long ago, and the reason of my appointing you was that it should be safe."

"Then—remembering this—how can you prefer such a request as the present? I foresaw that a man, with your husband's extravagant habits, would probably become embarrassed, and—"

"And that was why you made the stipulation beforehand," she interrupted, "so that, come what would, Tom should not suffer. I see your motive now, but I wondered then. But they are not the major's own debts: they are liabilities he has entered into for a brother officer."

Mr. Kage looked at her. "Did Major Dawkes tell you this?"

She knew her cousin well, every turn of his countenance and voice. "Thomas, you don't believe this!"

"I prefer not to discuss the matter with you, Caroline."

"Whichever way it may be, however contracted, the debts are not the less real," she continued, "and nothing but the scandal, likely to arise in our home, would have induced me to apply to you for a loan to him of Tom's money. Will you let him have it?"

"No. And I am sorry that Major Dawkes should have suggested this to you. I gave him a decisive negative eight or ten weeks ago."

"Has he asked you before?"

"He asked me then."

"Oh, indeed," she uttered, in a tone of pique against her husband, "he might have had the grace to consult me first, considering whose money it is. But you will advance it now, Thomas, for my sake."

"I would do a great deal for your sake, Caroline; but I will not be a false trustee, or part with my own integrity."

Some thought, some recollection, came over Mrs. Dawkes, and she betrayed for a moment vivid emotion. Thomas Kage took up a book that lay on the table, and turned over its leaves; he would not so much as glance at her.

"What am I to do—if people do come in here and take the furniture?"

"Go to the Rock, Caroline; that is my advice to you, go at once, and leave the major to fight out the battle with his creditors!"

"They cannot come into the Rock?" she exclaimed, in sudden apprehension.

"Most certainly not. The major's liabilities could no more touch that, or anything it contains, than mine could. It is yours for your life, and your child's after you."

"But won't the seizing these things be a lasting disgrace?"

"It is a disgrace occurring every day in families, higher in position than yours, and it is thought little of. But in this case, Caroline, no disgrace will be reflected on *you*; you are shielded from it by your own fortune, and in the possession of the Rock. It will be looked upon as an affair of the major's entirely: one not touching you. If these things must go let them go, and it may be a warning to the major for the future."

"He said if he could not have the money, he would shoot himself," said Mrs. Dawkes.

Mr. Kage's eyes twinkled with a merry expression. "I remember, some years ago, when the major was in want of money, he said he must have it, or drown himself. I don't think he had it; and he is alive yet. Tell him, Caroline, he will do well to forget that Tom has money. And do you go at once to the Rock, where the major's grievances cannot disturb your peace."

Mrs. Dawkes did not immediately act upon this advice. She could not tear herself, all at once, from her fashionable friends, and she suffered some days to elapse. Before they were over, little Tom Canterbury was taken ill with a violent attack of inflammation of the chest. He was in great danger, and Mrs. Dawkes hung over him, now giving way to hope, now to despair; she scarcely left his bedside.

One afternoon when he was at the worst, the major came up. The child was lying with his eyes closed, breathing with difficulty.

"I am sure there is no further hope," Mrs. Dawkes whispered, in heartfelt anguish.

The major was of the same opinion, and he most devoutly trusted it might prove a correct one. He was looking at him, when one of the servants appeared, and beckoned to the major; he was wanted below.

"You did not say I was in?" he uttered, after closing the door on the sick-room.

"The gentleman would not listen to me, sir. He walked straight in, when I answered the door, and sat down in the dining-room, and he says he shall sit there till he sees you. Mr. Rosse, he said."

Major Dawkes nearly fainted, it was one of the firm who held that dangerous bill. Go to him he was obliged, and the conference, though carried on in cautious tones, was a stormy one.

"Only a few days more," implored Major Dawkes, wiping his forehead, which had turned cold and damp. "It is impossible that he can survive, and then I shall have thousands and thousands at command, and will amply recompense you. You have waited so long, you can surely accord me this little additional grace; I will pay the bill twice over for it."

"Upon one plea or another we have been put off from day to day and week to week. This may be as false an excuse as the others have been."

"But it is not a false excuse; the child is lying upon his bed, dying. If Mrs. Dawkes were not with him, you might go up and see for yourself that it is so. Hark! that is the physician's step."

The physician it was—he had been up stairs, and was coming down again. Major Dawkes threw wide the door of the dining-room.

"Doctor, what hope is there? I fear but little."

"There's just as much as you might put in your hand and blow away," replied the doctor, who was a man of quaint sayings, and knew that Major Dawkes bore no blood relationship to the child. "The only hope that remains, lies in the elasticity of children—they seem ready to be shrouded one hour, and are running about the room the next. We can do nothing more for our little patient; if he does recover, it will be owing to this elasticity; this tenacity of life in the young. I do not think he will."

The doctor passed out at the hall door, and the major turned to his visitor.

"You hear what he says; now will you give me the delay?"

"Well—under the circumstances—a day or two longer," replied the lawyer, whose firm would prefer their money, even to the exposure of the major. Let them once get clear of Major Dawkes, and he might swindle all the firms in London afterwards, for what they cared. He stepped across the hall towards the door, and the major attended him.

"But if the child should not die; if he should recover; what then?" he suddenly stopped to ask.

The major's heart and face alike turned sickly at the supposition; it was one he dared not dwell upon.

"There is no 'if' about it; he is quite sure to die. When I was up with him, but now, he looked at the last gasp; the nurse thought he was dead then, up to the knees. I'll drop you a note as soon as it's over."

Night came on. The child lay in the same state; his eyes closed, and quite unconscious; battling with death. The medical men came, and came; but they could render no assistance; and it seemed pretty certain that no morning would dawn for little Tom Canterbury. Mrs. Dawkes would sit up with him, in spite of her husband's remonstrances, who told her that the incessant fatigue and watching would make her ill again. He went to rest himself, and slept soundly, for his troubles seemed at an end. The sick room was near his own, and Major Dawkes was suddenly aroused by a movement in it. He heard the nurse come out, call to a servant, and tell him to run for the doctor. The man had been kept up all night, to be ready, if wanted. The major looked at his watch: five o'clock.

"It's over at last," thought he. "What a mercy! I did not think he'd hold out so long. Ah, they may send, but doctors cannot bring the dead to life. And now I am a free man again!"

He would not go into the death-chamber; he did not admire death scenes personally; and it would be time enough to condole with Mrs. Dawkes by and by. So he lay, indulging in a charming vision of the golden paradise which had at length opened to him.

The return of Richard disturbed him. He heard the latch-key in the door, and the man enter, and come softly up the stairs. The major rose, put on his slippers, and drew open his own door an inch or two.

"You have been round to the doctor's, Richard?"

"Yes, sir. He'll be here in a minute or two."

"There was no necessity to disturb him; only that it may be more satisfactory to your mistress. The child is dead, I suppose."

"Dead, sir! No; he has took a turn for the better."

"What!" gasped Major Dawkes.

"He seems to have took a turn, sir, and has rallied; and that's why my mistress sent for the doctor. Judith says she's sure he will get over it now."

Major Dawkes retreated within his room and closed the door. He felt as though the death-blow, which was to have overtaken the child, had fallen upon him.

A week elapsed. And little Tom Canterbury, owing, no doubt, to the "elasticity," appeared to be getting well all one way. Mrs. Dawkes, caring not even for folly and fashion, in comparison with her darling child, gave orders for their immediate departure for the Rock. If the major was unable to leave London, he could remain behind, she obligingly told him, but Tom wanted country air, and Tom should have it.

She said this the morning previous to the one fixed on for their departure. An hour afterwards, the major was crossing the hall, when a visitor's knock at the door startled him; startled him, as it seemed, to abject terror. His first impulse was to dart into the nearest room and bolt himself in; his second to dart out again, and seize Richard's arm, as he came to answer the door.

"Richard," he whispered—and the man was amazed with the wild alarm, mingled with entreaty, in his accent—"don't open the door, for your life. Go into the area and see who it is; if it's for me, say I went out of town at seven this morning, and shan't be back till late to-night. Swear to it, man, if they dispute your word."

Richard descended the kitchen stairs again, and his master strode up the upper ones, four at a time, stealthily, silently, like a man who is flying from danger. Up to the second floor strode he, as if the higher he went, the further he was removed from it. The bed-room he occupied was on this floor, but he passed into a room opposite it, which was the day nursery.

A round table was drawn to the fire, and Judith, the nurse, stood at it, measuring a dessert-spoonful of mixture from a medicine-bottle. Little Tom Canterbury was by her side watching her.

"What's this?" asked Major Dawkes, taking up the bottle, when she had recorked it, and put it on the mantelpiece.

"I don't know, sir; I can't read writing," replied Judith, thinking the major meant the direction, which he was looking at. If he had meant anything, it was probably the mixture, but he had spoken in abstraction, for his mind was a chaos just then. "The mixture. Master Canterbury," was what was written there.

"Does he want medicine still?" exclaimed Major Dawkes. "I thought he was well."

"It's only some stuff the doctor sends to comfort his inside, sir, which has been out of order," replied Judith. "He takes a spoonful three times a day, morning, afternoon, and before he goes to bed at night."

Major Dawkes took out the cork, smelt the mixture and tasted it, while Tom drank up his spoonful. But, as Richard was heard coming up the stairs, the major hastily returned it to the mantelpiece, and went out to meet him.

"Was I wanted?"

"Yes, sir. The gentleman was that one who never gives his name; and I saw two men a standing off, as if they belonged to him," added Richard, in a confidential tone. "They are a waiting opposite now."

"You said I was out of town?"

"I told him I'd take an oath to it, if he liked—as you desired me. And he said it would be none the nearer truth if I did."

Major Dawkes's perplexities were hanging threateningly upon him. Simple debt would have been nothing, a trifling affair indeed, compared to what he dreaded. "Agony! disgrace! punishment!" thought he; "the horror and estrangement of my wife; the haughty loathing of my brother officers; the cool scorn of the world! I am in dread danger of it all; and only because the weak thread of a wretched child's life is not broken! Why could he not have died! It was but the hesitation of the balance; a turn the other way, and—we should both have been the better. There has been a devil abroad since that night, ever at my elbow, whispering temptation."

The major did not go out that day; he did not dare to; what was to become of him on the next—and the next—and the next, he shuddered to contemplate. He dined at home with his wife at five o'clock, in her dressing-

room. She felt very unwell, and had been lying there on the sofa all the afternoon.

"It is the fatigue of nursing Tom," said the major. "I knew it would bring its reaction."

"It is nothing of the sort," replied Mrs. Dawkes. "I have taken a violent cold, or else caught Tom's complaint, for my chest feels sore. Country air will set both me and Tom to rights."

After dinner Mrs. Dawkes lay down on the sofa again, and she sent word into the nursery that her boy was to be brought to her. So he came into the room with his nurse, and the major left it.

"You are not going to be ill like you were before, mamma," exclaimed the child, in an uneasy tone, putting his little face close to his mother's.

"Oh no, dear," she answered, cheerfully; "we shall both be well when we get to the Rock. The carriage will be at the door in the morning at half-past nine, you know, Judith," continued Mrs. Dawkes to the nurse; "it will take nearly half an hour to drive to the station."

"I know, ma'am; we shall be ready. Had Master Tom better take his medicine in the morning? There will be a dose left."

"No, I think not. But he must take it to-night."

"Oh, yes, I shall give it him as soon as he is undressed. And that won't be long first," added Judith; "it has struck seven."

Mrs. Dawkes strained the child to her; and the child's little arms strained her. It was a long and close embrace, and he cried when he was taken from her, which was somewhat remarkable, as it was not a usual thing for him to do.

When he was gone, Mrs. Dawkes, after drinking a cup of tea brought by her maid, Fry, went into her bedroom to prepare for rest. She was irritable and impatient; so much so, that the maid asked whether she felt worse.

"Oh, I don't know," was the querulous answer. "Since I drank that cup of hot tea, my tooth has begun to ache again, enough to distract me."

"I would have it out, ma'am, if I were you," cried Fry. "It's always a distracting of you."

"Have it out! have out a tooth at my age!" echoed Mrs. Dawkes; "I'd rather suffer martyrdom. Be quick over my hair, and don't say such things to provoke me."

So Fry went on with her duties, and her mistress went on groaning, and holding one side of her face.

"Perhaps, ma'am, if you were to put a little brandy to it it might ease you," Fry ventured to say again. "Some cotton steeped in brandy and put into the tooth has cured many a toothache. Laudanum's best, but I suppose there's none in the house."

"It would do me no good," fretfully answered Mrs. Dawkes.

Fry left her mistress to rest, but there was no sleep for Mrs. Dawkes, the pain in her tooth prevented it. Now it happened that there was some laudanum in the house, though the maid had been unconscious of it. It had been brought in for some purpose several weeks before, and has stood, ever since, in the major's dressing-room. Mrs. Dawkes, in a moment of desperation, rose from her bed, resolved to try it. Her own dressing-room opened on one side of the bed-chamber, the major's on the other, and she snatched the night-light which was burning, and went into the latter.

It was a very small place, little better than a closet, and had no egress save through the bed-chamber. Her own dressing-room was large, and had two entrances. Over the major's washhand-stand was a narrow slab of white marble, and on that stood the bottle required by Mrs. Dawkes. His tooth-powder box and shaving-tackle usually stood there, but since he had occupied the room up-stairs they had been removed there, the laudanum-bottle alone remaining.

Mrs. Dawkes went to the slab, and stretched forth her hand to take the bottle. Most exceedingly astonished was she to find that no bottle was there. The slab stood perfectly empty.

"Why, what can have gone with it?" she uttered. "The bottle is always there: I saw it there this very day. And the servants do not come in here, now the room's not being used."

She looked about with the light, but could see nothing of it; and, returning to her bedroom, steeped a bit of cotton in some spirits of camphor and put that to her tooth, and lay down again. The pain subsided very soon, and she was dozing off to sleep, when some one came into the room from the passage entrance. Mrs. Dawkes pulled aside the curtain. It was her husband, and her movement caused him to start back.

"Are you there? Are you in bed?" he exclaimed.

"I could not sit up. Is it late or early? Are you come in for the night?"

"I have not been out yet: it is only nine. I am sorry to have disturbed you: I did not know you were here."

He went into his dressing-room as he spoke, but came forth again immediately. "Caroline, I am going down to Kage, to see if I can't get him to do something. He ought, and he must."

"It will be of no use," she answered, drowsily. "But I don't want to talk: I shall set my tooth on again."

The major left the room, and she heard him go out at the front door; and then she sank into sleep.

Major Dawkes proceeded to the chambers of Thomas Kage, and found him in. The latter was surprised to see his visitor, and so late, for they were not on visiting terms, and there was no cordiality between them. "I will state my business in a few words," cried the major: "you may guess its nature, from what you have heard from my wife—"

"That you are in embarrassment," interrupted Mr. Kage, "and want me to advance Thomas Canterbury's money to extricate you. I cannot do it."

"Thomas Canterbury's money!" echoed the major; "you speak as if I wanted all he possesses, and the Rock into the bargain. I only wish to borrow a very trifling portion of it; three or four thousand pounds."

Mrs. Dawkes mentioned ten or twelve thousand as the sum," remarked Mr. Kage; "but the amount is of no consequence."

"Mrs. Dawkes must have mistaken what I said I should like, for what I said I wanted. From three to four thousand pounds will be sufficient."

"Were it but three thousand pence, it would be all the same. I am surprised at you, Major Dawkes; at your ever thinking I would consent to it. It would be a positive fraud on little Canterbury."

"I shall pay you back, long before he is of age. Kage, my good fellow," added the major, wiping the perspiration from his brow—and indeed he had done little else since entering, for he seemed full of agitation—"consider the strait I am in. If I can't get money, and don't get money, there'll be nothing for it but the Insolvent Court; Mrs. Dawkes would never hold up her head again."

Mr. Kage's opinion was different; it was a peculiar case, and the disgrace would not be reflected on her: the major's extravagance had brought it on himself, and on himself only. He peremptorily declined further appeal on the subject.

"Were the money my own, you should have it," said he, "but my trusteeship I will hold inviolate."

"Then to-morrow morning I must see about filing my petition," gloomily responded the major, "and your cousin, Mrs. Dawkes, will have you to thank for it."

Mr. Kage made no reply to this.

"I suppose Thomas is all right again," he observed, as he lighted the major down the stairs.

"Oh, he is well; wants nothing now but change of air; and his mother takes him to the Rock to-morrow. Good-night."

At seven in the morning, Fry was in her mistress's room, according to orders. Mrs. Dawkes rose at once, remembering her journey; she said she felt better.

"The major must be called, Fry."

"The major did not sleep at home, ma'am."

"Not sleep at home!"

"And he is not come in yet," added Fry.

Mrs. Dawkes, no better pleased than other wives are, when told their husbands have not slept at home, proceeded to dress. During its process, she sent Fry to see whether the nurse was getting up, and meanwhile went into the major's dressing-room, for something she required. But, great as had been Mrs. Dawkes's surprise the previous night, to find the laudanum bottle absent from the slab, far, far greater was her present surprise to see it on it, in the exact place it had always occupied, as if it had never been touched. Mrs. Dawkes mechanically took it in her hand; it was the veritable bottle, labelled "Tincture of opium. Major Dawkes."

Had she only dreamt that she came? None of the servants had been through her room in the night. But on her own dressing-table was the cotton and the phial of camphorated spirit, to prove that it was no dream.

"Judith has been up ever so long, ma'am," said Fry, re-entering the room; "and she's now going to dress Master Tom."

Directly afterwards, in came the major, laughing gaily.

"Did you think I had taken flight, Caroline? I passed the evening with Briscoe in his rooms, after I left Kage; and it grew so late, without my being aware of it, that he gave me a bed. I feared I might disturb you, coming into the house at that hour; it was two o'clock."

"Very accommodating of Captain Briscoe to keep beds ready made-up for his friends," coldly remarked Mrs. Dawkes.

"And that was a sofa," laughed the major. "You will have a splendid day for your journey; the wind—"

"Whatever's the matter?"

The interruption came from Fry. The nurse, Judith, had stolen quietly inside the room, and was standing there, with her hands clasped, and her face white and wild-looking. Mrs. Dawkes turned at Fry's exclamation.

"What do you want, Judith?"

"I got up at six, ma'am," began Judith; "and when I had dressed myself I put up the things I had left last night, thinking I'd let the child sleep as long as I could. I said to myself what a long night's rest he was having; what a beautiful sleep. And I—I—went to take him up now, and I—sir—ma'am—I can't awaken him."

She had spoken as she looked, in a wild, bewildered sort of manner; and she appeared to shake all over.

"It is the remains of his illness," remarked Mrs. Dawkes; but she gazed hard at Judith; thinking her manner, and her coming at all, very strange. "Children are sure to be sleepy after an illness; take him gently up, and he will awake as you dress him."

"But I can't take him up, ma'am," returned the trembling Judith. "He—he—won't awake."

Fry stared at her with open mouth, in private persuasion that she had lost her senses.

"Will you please to come and see, sir," added Judith. "Not you, ma'am."

The major, in answer to the appeal, left the room. Judith followed him closely, and laid hold of his arm.

"Oh, sir, I think he's dead," she whispered. "I never saw death yet—but he is stiff and cold."

Major Dawkes roughly pushed away her arm with his elbow, and ascended the stairs, Judith at his heels. Mrs. Dawkes followed her, and Fry brought up the rear. Thomas Canterbury was lying in his crib, by the side of the nurse's bed; cold, and white, and—DEAD.

"He must have died in a fit!" cried Fry.

And Mrs. Dawkes fell across the little bed, giving vent to screams of anguish.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.

The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps toward some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.

☞ Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

MY UNCLE'S REQUEST.

Four individuals—namely, my wife, my infant son, my maid-of-all-work, and myself—occupy one of the row of very small houses in the suburbs of London. I am a thoroughly domestic man, and notwithstanding that my occupation necessitates absence from my mansion between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., my heart is generally at home with my diminutive household. My wife and I love regularity and quiet above all things: and although, since the arrival of my son and heir, we had not enjoyed that peace which we did during the first year of our married life, yet his juvenile, though somewhat powerful little lungs had as yet failed in making ours a noisy house. Our regularity had, moreover, remained undisturbed, and we got up, went to bed, dined, breakfasted, and teaed at the same time, day after day.

We had been going on this clock-work fashion for a year and a-half, when one morning the postman brought to our door a letter of ominous appearance, and on looking at the direction, I found that it came from an old, rich, and very eccentric uncle of mine, with whom, for certain reasons, we wished to remain on the best of terms. "What can Uncle Martin have to write about?" was our simultaneous exclamation, and I opened it with considerable curiosity.

"MARTIN HOUSE, HERTS, Oct. 17, 1857.

"DEAR NEPHEW—You may perhaps have heard that I am forming an aviary here. A friend in Rotterdam has written to me to say that he has sent by the boat, which will arrive in London to morrow afternoon, a very intelligent parrot and a fine stork. As the vessel arrives too late for them to be sent on the same night, I shall be obliged by your taking the birds home, and forwarding them to me the next morning. With my respects to your good lady, I remain your affectionate uncle,

"RALPH MARTIN."

We looked at each other in silence, and then my wife said: "They're only birds: it might have been worse."

I said nothing, but got a book on natural history, and turned to "Stork." With trembling fingers I passed over the fact of "his hind toe being short, the middle toe long, and joined to the outer one by a large membrane, and by a smaller one to the inner toe," because that would not matter much for one night; but I groaned out to my wife the pleasant intelligence that "his height is four feet, his appetite extremely voracious," and "his food—frogs, mice, worms, snails, and eels." Where were we to provide a supper and breakfast of this description for him?

I went to my office, and passed anything but a pleasant day, my thoughts constantly reverting to our expected visitors. At four o'clock, I took a cab to the docks, and on arriving there, inquired for the ship, which was pointed out to me as "the one with the crowd upon the quay." On driving up, I discovered why there was a crowd, and the discovery did not bring comfort with it. On the deck, on one leg, stood the stork. Whether it was the sea-voyage, or the leaving his home, or, being a stork of high moral principle, he was grieving at the continual, and rather joyous and exultant swearing of the parrot, I do not know, but I never saw a more melancholy-looking object in my life.

I went down on the deck, and did not like the expression of relief that came over the captain's face when he found what I had come for. The transmission of the parrot from the ship to the cab was an easy matter, as he was in a cage, but the stork was merely tethered by one leg; and although he did his best, when brought to the foot of the ladder, in trying to get up, he failed utterly, and had to be half-shoved, half-hauled all the way; which, as he got astride, after the manner of equestrians, on every other bar, was a work of some difficulty. I hurried him into the cab, and ordering the man to drive as quick as possible, got in with my guests. At first, I had to keep dodging my head about, to keep my face away from his bill as he turned round; but all of a sudden he broke the little window at the back of the cab, thrust his head through, and would keep it there, notwithstanding I kept pulling him back. Consequently, when we drew up at my door, there was a mob of about a thousand strong around us. I got him in as quick as I could, and shut the door.

How can I describe the spending of that evening? how can I get sufficient power out of the English language to let you know what a nuisance that bird was to us? How can I tell you the cool manner in which he inspected our domestic arrangements?—walking slowly into rooms, and standing on one leg until his curiosity was satisfied; the expression of wretchedness that he threw over his entire person when he was tethered to one of the banisters, and had found out that, owing to our limited accommodation, he was to remain in the hall all night; the way in which he ate the snails specially provided for him, verifying to the letter the naturalist's description of his appetite. How can you, who have not had a stork staying with you, have any idea of the change which came over his temper after his supper—how he peeked at everybody who came near him; how he stood sentinel at the foot of the stairs; how my wife and I made fruitless attempts to get past, followed by ignominious retreats; how at last we out-manœuvred him by throwing a table-cloth over his head, and then rushing by him, gained the top of the stairs before he could disentangle himself.

Added to all this, we had to endure language from that parrot which would have disgraced a pot-house; indeed, so scurrilous did he become, that we had to take him and lock him up in the coal-hole, where, from fatigue, or the darkness of his bedroom, he soon swore himself to sleep.

We were quite ready for rest, and the forgetfulness which, we hope, sleep, that "balm of hurt minds," would bring with it: but our peace was not to last long. About 2 A. M., I was awakened by my wife, and told to listen: I did so, and heard a sort of scrambling noise outside the door. "What can that be?" thought I. "He has broken his string, and is coming up stairs," said my wife; and then, remembering that the nursery-door was generally left open, she urged my immediately stopping his further progress. "But, my dear," said I, "what am I to do in my present defenceless state of clothing, if he should take to pecking?" My wife's expression at the idea of my considering myself before the baby, determined me at once, come what come might, to go and do him battle. Out I went, and sure enough there he was on the landing, resting himself, after his unusual exertion, by tucking one leg up. He looked so subdued, that I was about to take him by the string and lead him down stairs, when he drew back his head, and in less time than it takes to relate, I was back in my room, bleeding profusely from a very severe wound in the leg. I shouted out to the nurse to shut the door, and determined to let the infamous bird go where he liked. I bound up my leg and went to bed again; but the thought that there was a stork wandering about the house, prevented me from getting any more sleep. From certain sounds that we heard, we had little doubt but that he was passing some of his time in the cupboard where we kept our spare crockery, and an inspection the next day confirmed this.

In the morning, I ventured cautiously out, and finding he was in our spare bedroom, I shut the door upon him. I then sent for a large sack, and with the help of the table-cloth, and the boy who cleans our shoes, we got him into it without any further personal damage. I took him off in this way to the station, and sent him and the parrot off to my uncle by the first train.

We have determined that, taking our chance about a place in my uncle's will or not, we will never again have anything to do with any foreign animals, however much he may ask and desire it.

COMFORT FOR HOMELY WOMEN.—In the connubial lottery ugly women possess an advantage to which sufficient importance has not been attached. It is a common observation that husband and wife frequently resemble one another; and many ingenious theorists, attempting to solve the problem by attributing it to sympathy, contemplation of one another's features, congeniality of habits and modes of life, &c., have fallen into the very common error of substituting the cause for the effect. This mutual likeness is the occasion, not the result, of marriage. Every man, like Narcissus, becomes enamored of the reflection of himself, only choosing a substance instead of a shadow. His love for any particular woman is self-love at second-hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism. When he sees himself in the mirror of a female face, he exclaims, "How intelligent, how amiable, how interesting!—how admirably adapted for a wife!" and forthwith makes his proposals to the personage so expressly and literally calculated to keep him in countenance. The uglier he is, the more need he has of this consolation; he forms a romantic attachment to the "fascinating creature with a snub nose," or the "bewitching girl with a roguish leer," (squint,) without once suspecting that he is paying his addresses to himself, and playing the inamorata before a looking-glass. Take self-love from love, and very little remains: it is taking the flame from Hymen's torch and leaving the smoke. The same feeling extends to his progeny; he would rather see them resemble himself, particularly in his defects, than be modelled after the chubbiest Cherubs or Cupids that ever emanated from the studio of Canova. One sometimes encounters a man of most unqualified hideousness, who obviously considers himself an Adonis; and when such a one has to seek a congenial Venus, it is evident that her value will be in the inverse ratio of her charms. Upon this principle ugly women will be converted into belles, perfect frights will become irresistible, and none need despair of conquests if they have but the happiness to be sufficiently plain.

☞ A TRUE FRIEND.—Thou mayest be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults, is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

☞ We presume that women's preference for gentlemen with small hands and delicate fingers had its origin while the old English law was in force, allowing every man to beat his wife whenever he pleased with a stick not thicker than his thumb.

For every trifle scorn to take offence—
That always shows great pride or little sense;
Good nature and good sense must always join—
To err is human, to forgive divine. —*Pope.*

☞ There is much, nay almost all, in names. The name is the earliest garment you wrap round the earth, to which it thenceforth cleaves more tenaciously (for there are names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than the very skin. Not only all common speech, but science—poetry itself—is no other, if thou consider it, than a right *naming*.—*Carlyle.*

☞ Surely we, the blind, are not the least care of God. He seems, indeed, to have brought this darkness upon us, not so much by the bedimming of our eyes, as by the overshadowing of his Heavenly wings; a darkness which He not seldom illumines with interior and far more gracious light. So may I be consummated by this infirmity! So may I thus be irradiated by obscurity!—*John Milton.*

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—44 head D Burt, Ohio, $9@10; 10 do A Reitebaugh, Chester co, 7½@10; 40 Murphy & Co, Va, 9@10½; 21 C K Ward, Ohio, 8@9; 35 Baldwin & Co, Chester, 8@10; 9 J Constantine, Bucks co, 8@9; 52 A Kennedy & Co, Ohio, 8@9; 10 W Clark, do, 8@9; 34 I Abrahams, do, 8@9; 26 J Crouse, do, 8@9; 33 Mooney & Baker, do, 7½@8½; 15 J Bricker, do, 7@8½; 10 D Eckman, Lancaster, 8@9. 6000 Sheep sold at $3@4 ₩ head, equal to 8@9½ ₩ lb dressed. Cows—Good $30@40; middling $20@30; dry 15@20.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—12 B Hood Chester co, 9@9½; 16 P Hathaway, do, 9@10; 45 Kimble & Kirk, do, 9½@10; 4 E Ely, do, 9@9½; 6 R Neely, do, 9@9½; 23 T Wellington, Md, 9@9½; 7 W Alexander, Chester co, 9@10; 71 Chancellor & Bastable, Va, 9@9½; 7 Cochland & McCall, do, 9½@10; 47 Scott & Kimble, do, 9½@10; 73 S McClung, Va, 9@9½; 6 J Mensh, Chester co, 9@10; 10 E Young, do, 9@9½; 57 J Eakins & Co, Va, 9@10½; 64 G Adams, Ohio, 9@9½; 16 J Eakins, Va, 9@9½; 2 Z Williams, Chester co 9@9½; 9 H Cox, Lancaster co, 9@9½.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.—The proceedings in the Senate, through the last week, were of but little interest. The Agricultural College Bill was first recommitted, equivalent to a defeat, and the recommittal afterwards reconsidered, yeas 27, nays 26, and then postponed.

Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., reported from the Committee on Public Lands, the Homestead Bill, as passed by the House, without amendment, and gave notice that he would call up the Senate Bill on the same subject at the earliest opportunity.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—In the House, Mr. Covode stated that the delegation from Pennsylvania would not consent to vote for an appropriation of money until some measures should be adopted to supply an empty Treasury.

The Homestead Bill was passed on the 1st, by a vote of 120 yeas, to 76 nays.

[The bill provides that any person who is the head of a family, over twenty-one years of age, and a citizen of the United States, or who has filed his intention to become such according to the naturalization laws, shall be entitled to enter a quarter section of any unsurveyed land, and hold the same after survey, on the payment of $1,25 an acre; being thus by no means a "vote yourself a farm" measure.]

The French Spoliation Bill, which the House refused to table by 106 nays, to 75 ayes, was afterwards sent to the Committee of the Whole, by the Speaker's decision. This is believed to be tantamount to a defeat for this session.

On the motion of Mr. Reagan, of Texas, the Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to define and provide for the punishment of polygamy in the Territories of the United States, and to restrain the people and authorities therein from interference with the Federal Judiciary.

The House passed, with amendments, the Senate bill reative to the New York Indian Reservation in Kansas. It sets apart three hundred and twenty acres for each individual Indian who is removed from New York to the Reservation assigned to them, under the treaty of 1838. The Indians to have one year within which to make their selection, and pre-emptions to be secured from the date of settlement. The money derived from the sale of lands, other than those selected by the Indians, to be paid into the treasury for their benefit.

Mr. Faulkner, of Va., from the Military Committee, reported back the bill for the establishment of a Branch Military Academy at the Hermitage, with a recommendation that it do not pass.

Mr. Wilson, of Indiana, from the Committee on Elections, made a report in the Nebraska Contested Election Case, declaring Bird B. Chapman entitled to the seat, instead of A. F. Ferguson, the sitting member.

The President's recommendation to establish military posts in Sonora and Chihuahua, was acted on by the House Committee on Military Affairs, when it was decided negatively. The Senate's Committee on Territories has expressed itself averse to organising the Territorial government for Colorado or the Pike's Peak County.

SERFDOM IN RUSSIA.—Serfdom in Russia dates back only about two hundred years, instead of having existed from time immemorial, as is commonly supposed. By a ukase of the then Czar, the peasants were assigned to the soil. Previously they might wander wheresoever they thought fit, provided they kept within the limits of the principality to which they belonged. Eventually the owners of the land availed themselves of the inability of the peasants to leave their locality, and extorted compulsory labor from them. Under the police regulations of these landlords, the peasants, before the death of Peter the Great, came to be considered their property. With the introduction of manufactures into Russia was introduced a new phase in the condition of the serfs. Laborers were consigned to the manufactories, on the same conditions for which they had worked for these landlords, and from service in agriculture and domestic employments, the serf was further compelled to give labor in any form that his master might require. The master could sell his serfs, and the peasant slave was unable to make contracts or to hold property. Even now, none but hereditary nobles can purchase estates. We are aware that the general impression relative to Russian serfs is that they cannot be separated from the soil, and that this was always their condition. But it is to the ukase of Nicholas, in 1842, that the Russian peasant owes it that families cannot be separated, and that serfs, if sold at all, must go with the land. The same decree gave the proprietors permission to liberate their serfs, and the serfs themselves the right to make contracts and hold property, property in the soil and in each other only excepted. By custom, personal nobles—that is to say men holding titles by virtue of serving the State, partook of the privilege of holding serfs. Nicholas, by ukase in 1844, decreed that only the five higher ranks of personal nobility could have the privilege, and thus restricted the number of serf owners.—*North American.*

HOW AN OHIO FARMER WAS CAPTIVATED.—The Lowell (Mass.) News relates the following circumstances, connected with the marriage of Miss Anna T. Wilbur, an accomplished New England authoress, with a substantial farmer:

"Miss Anna T. Wilbur, of Newburyport, by her contributions to periodicals, attracted the attention of an educated farmer of Ohio, who opened a correspondence with her. At length they agreed to meet at a half-way point, and if their impressions, on seeing each other for the first time, were not agreeable, they would separate again; if otherwise, why—we'll let her tell the story herself.

"I need not tell how an Ohio farmer first had his attention attracted to an occasional contributor to the Eastern periodicals, or what motives first prompted him to address a note of interrogation to said writer, to be followed by mutual questions and replies, till the parties became desirous of meeting, met, and—were married. The annals of romance narrate few briefer courtships, and I may say few more sensible ones. No 'meetings by moonlight alone;' no frowns of opposing relatives; no jealousies of rivals or lovers' quarrels. Past the day-dreams of youth—by the world around termed old bachelor and old maid—we had not yet relinquished our faith in human goodness, or lost the fervor of feeling, which intercourse with the world too often chills. So having fully made up our minds that we were congenial, and ought to love each other, we met, and *did* love each other. The experience of three years of married life has satisfied us that the majority of mankind are in the wrong, and we in the right. I mean to say that we should learn to love mentally and morally first, and personally afterwards."

POETRY AND PROSE.

When bright Phœbus went down in the rosy West
Dark Phœbe went up to the pasture bars,
And when Phœbus *set* in his golden nest,
And there had hatched out the shining stars,
Phœbe went home and turned in!

☞ All should bear in mind the expedient of the good Catholic, who having been ordered by way of penance to make a pilgrimage to Loretto, on foot, with peas in his shoes, tells us that

"Just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas."

The happiness of a man's life depends upon his knowing or not knowing how to boil his peas.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been but little activity in the Flour market since our last weekly report, but the receipts have again fallen off, and there has been rather more inquiry, both for shipment and home consumption, and prices are quite firm. Sales of 9000 bbls at $5,75@6 ₩ bbl for superfine; $6,25 for extra; $6,50 for extra family; and $3,75@4 for middlings, including 300 half bbls at $6 ₩ pair; and 1000 bbls. Ohio extra family at a price not made public. The sales to the home trade have been within this range for common and extra family, and $6,75@7,50 for fancy lots. Rye Flour is in good request, and 500 bbls sold at $4. Corn Meal is scarce, and Pennsylvania is very firm at $3,50; 50 puncheons Brandywine and 300 bbls do sold on private terms. Bread has been dull.

GRAIN—The market has been very poorly supplied with Wheat during the past week, and prime lots are in demand for milling at an advance of 2@3c ₩ bus. Sales of 23,000 bushels fair and prime Pennsylvania and Southern Red at $1,36@1,40; fair and choice White at $1,45@1,75, as in quality. Rye is rather dull; 2000 bushels Pennsylvania sold at 75c. Corn was dull early in the week, and prices declined 3@4c, but since there has been more inquiry, and this decline has been recovered. Sales of 15,000 bushels Yellow, ranging from 75 to 76c for damp, and 77@78c for prime and dry lots, closing at our highest quotation. Small sales of White at 72@73c. Oats have also been in good request. Sales of 15,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 48@51c, and Southern at 48@50c.

PROVISIONS—The excitement which has characterized the market for some time past still continues, and we again advance our quotations for all descriptions. Sales of 600 bbls. Mess Pork at $18,75, on time, now held at $19. Prime is held at $17. City Packed Mess Beef is selling in lots for ship's stores at $10,50@16 ₩ bbl. Hogs are less abundant. Bacon has advanced, but the transactions have been limited, owing to the absence of adequate stocks in which to operate. Sales of Hams at 10@13; Sides at 10@10½c, and Shoulders at 7½@8c ₩ lb. cash, and on time—closing at the latter figures. Green Salted Meats have been in active request, but the supplies have been comparatively small, and prices have advanced. Sales of 600 casks Hams, in salt and pickle, at 10@10½c; Sides at 9@9½c, and Shoulders at 7@7½c. ₩ lb. 60 days. Lard is extremely scarce, and holders demand a further advance. Sales of 400 bbls. and tierces at 12½@13c., and kegs at 13½c. ₩ lb. cash—now held higher. Butter—Solid packed has been in rather better request, and 20,000 lbs. sold at 11@12½c. ₩ lb. Roll is less active, and ranges from 17 to 20 cents for Pennsylvania; 18@22c. for Ohio, and 22@25c. for Goshen.

COTTON—The market has been quiet during the past week, but supplies come forward slowly, and prices have been steadily maintained. Sales of 900 bales good middling and middling fair quality at 12½@13c. per lb. cash, including a lot of samples at 12c., and stained at 11½c.

BARK continues scarce, and No. 1 Quercitron is wanted; sales of 30 bbds. No. 1 at $31, which is an advance of $1 ₩ ton. There is none coming forward. In Tanner's Bark nothing doing.

COAL—The demand has been quite limited both for shipment and home consumption, but supplies come forward slowly, and the stocks being moderate for the season, prices remain without change.

COFFEE—There has been quite an active inquiry, and prices are now firm for all descriptions. The sales have been large, comprising 9,500 bags Rio, including two entire invoices at 11¼@11½c. ₩ lb., on time; some poor quality at 18½c.; 800 bags Laguayra at 12½@12¾c.; some St. Domingo at 10½c., and 600 mats Java at 14½@15c.

FEATHERS remain without change. 2000 lbs good Western sold at 45c, short time.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit is steady. Further sales of Dried Apples at 9½@9¾c, and unpeeled Peaches at 9½@12c ₩ lb. Green Apples range from $2½ to $4½ ₩ bbl, according to quality.

HEMP is quiet, there being no stock here in first hands in which to operate.

HIDES—The market is entirely bare of Foreign, and they are wanted at full prices. A small sale of Calcutta Cow at $1,35, now held considerably higher. A cargo of Laguayra and Porto Cabello, to arrive, is reported to have been sold on private terms.

HOPS are held with more firmness, and there has been more inquiry. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 17@20c, and old at 5@10c.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues exceedingly firm, and there has been considerable inquiry, but generally at figures below the views of buyers, who manifest no anxiety to realize at present quotations. A sale of 1000 tons No 1 Anthracite was made at the close of last week at $23, cash; 10,000 tons "Lehigh Crane Co's" No 1, mostly for spring delivery, at $23½, 6 mos, and 100 tons do at $23, 6 mos. Scotch Pig Iron is held at $27, 6 months, which is an advance. Prices of Blooms, Bar and Boiler Iron continue as last quoted. There is but little stock of Pig Lead here in first hands, and no transactions have come under our notice.

LEAD—The stock of Pig is small, and no further sales have been reported.

LEATHER—Prime Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather are very scarce, and the trade being poorly supplied the tendency of prices is still upward. Inferior descriptions are rather neglected, and the market generally has been at a stand.

LUMBER has been quiet. The stock is reduced to a lower figure than at this period for many years.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet, owing in a measure to the absence of supplies; sales of 100 barrels New Orleans, part to arrive, at 43c, on time.

SEEDS—There has been an active demand for Cloverseed, and prices have again advanced 12½@25c ₩ bus. Sales of 800 bushels ordinary and prime at $6,87½@7,12½ ₩ 64 lbs, including 20 tons and 2000 bales recleaned from second hands on terms not made public. Timothy commands $2,12½c, and Flaxseed $1,75 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—Sales of New England Rum at 37c. Whiskey has advanced. Sales of Ohio barrels at 28@29c; Pennsylvania do at 27@28c; hhds at 26@27c, and drudge at 25@26c.

SUGAR—Sales of 700 hhds New Orleans at 7¾@8c. on time.

WOOL meets a good inquiry, and prices continue to advance. A number of Eastern manufacturers are now looking through the market. Among the sales we notice some fine Fleeces at 60@62½c ₩ lb, cash; full blood at 56@57c; ¾ blood at 53c, common at 47c, and unwashed at 33½c.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 237 and 720 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	14	Lea. Loin, Chop, ₩ lb	8 a10
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	5 a6
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	3 a3½
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	3 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	Veal.	
Tongues, smoked	6 a7	Fore quarter, ₩ lb.	6
Leg, each	150@200	Head "	10
Skin	20 a25	Chop "	12½
Kidney	3 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₩ lb	3 a 9	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₩ lb	14 a16	Pork.	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	50	Suet and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	75	Feet, ₩ set	18@25
Chop, ₩ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₩ lb	4 a 6
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a13
		Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Bologna sausage	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₩ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ₩ basket	1,25	Do do, ₩ lb	6 a 8
Sweet potatoes ₩ bag	75a87½	Corn pot's, ₩ bus	75a1,00
Cabbages, ₩ head	3 a5	Onions, bus	50
		Turnips ₩ bush	37

FRUIT.

Apples, ₩ bbl	$1,12 a1,37½	Apples ₩ half pk	25 a31

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ₩ pair	38 a 50	Terkeys ₩ lb	10
		Geese ₩ lb, 12c.	

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₩ bbl	50 a75	Morris River Cove, ₩ M	10,00 a12,00
Do, ₩ M	18,00a20,00	N Y do, ₩ bbl,	1,00 a2,00
		Terrapins $1@1,50.	

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	23 a30	Blue Fish, lb	12
Eggs, doz	20 a25	Shad do, lb	12
Cod fish	4 a 8	Mackerel	10
Dry Cod	4 a 6	Sm'kd Herring, bunch	6
Halibut lb	12½	Sausage meat ₩ roll	12½

☞ REFLECTION BY AN IRISH LOVER.—It's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.

NEWS ITEMS.

CATTLE KILLED BY EATING SORGHUM.—The Independence (Iowa) Guardian gives an account of the destruction of seven head of cattle from eating the refuse Chinese sugar-cane, after it had been compressed in the mill. The outer coating of the stalks is of a very vitreous character; when thus broken up and taken into the stomach, it operates like broken glass, cutting, and in some cases penetrating entirely through the coats of that organ, producing a violent inflammation. A post mortem examination in this case revealed this as the cause of death. This important fact should be made known to every farmer, as it may be the means of preventing a serious destruction of their stock.

THERE is a negro in Rochester who has a mania for stealing guns of all sorts. He has been caught in the crime several times, and in two instances broke into stores filled with valuable goods, taking only a gun from each. It is a singular fact that many thieves adopt a particular article as their favorite, and will pass by those more valuable to obtain the one they have chosen. There are gun thieves, chicken thieves, grain thieves, clothes line thieves, copper-boiler thieves, silver-plate thieves, cow thieves, and many others who have a specialty and seldom devote any attention to other property.

THE "British Standard" intimates, and nearly asserts, that an offer of ten thousand dollars has been made to Mr. Spurgeon if he will visit New York and preach four sermons in the Academy of Music.

MR. MURPHY is about to play, blindfolded, twenty games at one time. He has challenged Harrwitz to a match of five or seven games for 500 francs, giving Harrwitz "the odds of the pawn and move." The challenge had not been accepted.

THE Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser called on the President on New Year's day, and had the privilege of shaking hands with Miss Lane, and having his pocket picked simultaneously, in the presence of a strong force of American police. All this was accomplished to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner, played by a feeble band in an invisible chamber.

SINGULAR RECOVERY OF SPEECH.—A Birmingham correspondent says:—"A young married woman, who had been deprived of her voice for several months, so that she could only speak in an almost inarticulate whisper, was one night lately a short distance from home, when she was frightened by a goat, which she suddenly encountered lying in her path, and being apprehensive that the animal was going to attack her, she not only made the attempt, but positively uttered a loud scream. From that moment her voice was restored."

Two wealthy Hindoos generously liberated all the debtors incarcerated in Bombay gaol on the day when the Queen's proclamation was read, by paying their debts for them.

A FIRM in St. Louis are preparing to establish a direct passenger and transportation line for Pike's Peak, and will start their first train of ten wagons the first of April next, from St. Louis. The price of through passage and provisions is placed at $125. The total distance from St. Louis to the gold region is, 1,150 miles.

THE New York Central Railroad Company have procured a caloric engine, to use at their water-works in Rome, in place of a steam engine. It is said to work well, and only costs 20 cents a day to run it. It is used to pump water from the Mohawk river into the water-houses of the company.

A YANKEE GAL.—A young lady, daughter of Ira Bruce, of West Boylston, Mass., caught a large gray fox destroying the inmates of their hen-coop, a few days ago, when, seizing a pitchfork, she entered the apartment, closed the door after her, pitched in, and Reynard was soon laid out.

THE FRENCH PRINCE.—The little Prince Imperial of France was playing the other day in the gardens of *grande mere* Montijo, when some ladies well known to him ran up as usual to kiss and fondle him. But the little heir apparent, doubtless under instruction, astonished them by throwing himself into an attitude, and holding out his "hand" for their salute.

A patriarch named Solomon Pierce, of Essex, Vt., now 78 years of age, has twenty-three children, ninety-two grand-children, and twenty-seven great-grand-children—a snug little family of one hundred and forty-two, and all but eight or ten living in Chittenden county.

PRISONS have gone to the Massachusetts Legislature for a law allowing judges to accept a verdict from three-fourths of a jury in civil suits, where, in their opinion, the cause of justice would be served thereby. Judge Nash, of the Boston Superior Court, endorsed the proposition. The general principle of the unanimity of the jury on a verdict is not proposed to be destroyed by it; but if, after long consideration, they fail entirely to agree, the judge may in his discretion accept the opinion of three-fourths of them as a verdict.

THE accident which deprived Prescott of the use of one eye, says the Salem Register, and subsequently so impaired the power of vision in the other, was occasioned by a blow from a crust of bread, thrown across the room, by a fellow student in Commons Hall, near the close of his college career. This seeming calamity changed the whole current of his life, which he intended to devote to legal pursuits, and finally led him into that brilliant career as a historian, in which he has achieved a world-renowned honor for himself and his country.

AT the last advices from Hayti, measures were in active progress for the permanent establishment of the Republic. General Geffrard has received important aid from the commercial class. Soulouque and his army were very destitute. He has placed his family on board a vessel at Port au Prince, and he doubtless intends to leave the country with them.

CANNON OF LONG RANGE.—A new gun has been invented in Newcastle, England, and tested at Sheerness, the projecting power of which completely distances that of any piece of ordnance hitherto known. At an elevation of thirty-three degrees it has sent a 32-pound shot a distance of 9600 yards, or more than five miles. The same range has been attained by a 9-pounder, weighing 16 cwt., of similar construction.

MESSRS. Abraham Flavell and J. Decker, Second Adventists, have issued a circular, called "The Time Messengers," containing twenty-eight columns of arguments and figures, to demonstrate that the second coming of Christ will be during the Passover of the present year.

THE citizens of the town of Bloomington, in Douglas county, Illinois, have recently passed an ordinance entitling women to an equality with men, as voters—in town affairs, we suppose.

AN IDEA.—One of the churches in Columbus Ohio, is supplied with quite respectable parlors, near its entrance, where once a month or oftener, the members of the congregation meet in social circle, have a good supper, and enjoy each other's smiles and conversation to the fullest extent. A tax of a dime or a quarter from each attendant provides for the expense, and gives a large sum annually for the support of the church. At Columbus, in the church to which we refer, $600 was raised in one year.

AN IDEA WORTHY OF THE "GREAT WEST."—It has been proposed by some of our western cotemporaries "to unite the waters of the Upper Arkansas, the South Platte, and the Kansas rivers, into one stream, to fill the bed of the latter, and make from the three inconsiderable and almost useless streams, one broad, deep, navigable river; that would open the far west country clear to the base of the mountains, and into the new auriferous regions, whither emigration and civilization are now powerfully attracted. The river thus created, would equal the Missouri in magnitude."

THE SKELETON OF A REGIMENT.—The 32d Regiment, which gained such glory at Lucknow, is now only 215 strong, 469 having died since May, 1857; of these 235 were killed in action. The regiment should be sent home.—*Bombay Times.*

AT Dubuque, Iowa, lately, an old lady kicked a boy at whom she became angry, with such force that she ruptured a blood-vessel, and died in a short time.

☞ We know a man so habitually sleepy that his curiosity cannot be awakened.

ANOTHER CATALOGUE OF CURES EFFECED BY JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

CARSVILLE, GEO., Aug. 9th, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir:—I resided at Marble Works, Pickens co., Ga., last year, and was attacked with a severe headache, costiveness, and a dry hacking cough, which harrassed me very much. The only medicines I used were your Expectorant and Sanative Pills, from the use of both I was cured in a very short time. I can honestly say, that your Expectorant is a great medicine, and I honor you for being the inventor of it.

Yours, &c., JOHN T. COX.

"ALMOST AT THE POINT OF DEATH."

LLOYD, WIS., Oct. 16, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE:—Having been almost at the point of death, and had given up all hopes of ever rising from my bed, I commenced the use of your Expectorant, and in a short time began to be relieved, and by the continued use of your medicine I became a sound man. My complaint was Consumption. I have also used your other medicines in my family, and I am fully satisfied that as curatives there are no medicines equal to yours.

ROBT. BRUCE STEWART.

IN THREE DAYS MY COUGH WAS CURED.

AKRON, OHIO, Sept. 14, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE.—Dear Sir:—This certifies that after severe bilious attack, and suffering with nearly all of the symptoms which you have so accurately described in your Almanac, under the head of Liver Complaint, and especially with a severe, dry cough, very troublesome at night; also, with acute neuralgic pains and soreness in the right side, with night sweats, finally with dumb ague and fever. The usual remedies having failed to relieve me, I was induced to try your Expectorant. I commenced with five doses on the first day, and took eight on the second. *In three days my cough was cured.* I then commenced taking your Sanative Pills, continuing the Expectorant, and in one week all the symptoms of biliousness and neuralgia left me. I am now regaining my former weight more rapidly than I lost it.

C. T. POOLER,
Superintendent of the Akron Schools.

PAIN AND SORENESS OF MY BREAST.

WASHINGTON PARISH, LA., June 16, 1858.

This is to certify that, for the last five or six years, I have been afflicted with pain and soreness of my breast, my lungs especially being defective, and that by the use of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, Alterative, and Sanative Pills, I obtained great relief and am much more sound and have better health than I have had for the last eight years.

JESSE PIERCE.

The "EXPECTORANT" is prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 CHESTNUT Street, below Third, Phila.

AS THE TRULY WONDERFUL MERITS of the Oxygenated Bitters in curing Dyspepsia in its worst developments, become known and appreciated, orders for it are pouring in from all parts of the country—North, South, East and West. This tells the story.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 5.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm; sales of 7000 bbls. Wheat quiet; sales of 3000 bush at 137c for red winter Western. Corn quiet; sales of 12,000 bush at 80@81½c for yellow. Pork firm; sales of Prime at $13,62½@13,75. Lard quiet at 12½@12¾c. Whiskey firm at 29c.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1850		
" " '62	105	-
" " '67	115¼	—
" " '68	115¼	—
" 5 " coupon '74&'04		
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	—
" " new	103¼	103½
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 5 pr ct	70	71
6 coupon	—	56
Allegh City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
R R issue	80	81½
Penn 6 pr ct	93½	93¾
" 5 " coupon	—	90
" 5 "	93	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	94½	—
" coupon	80	81
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	—
Missouri "	103¾	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	98½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	—	140
Philadelphia	117	118
Far & Mec	58	59½
Commercial	51½	—
N Liberty	60	61
Mechanics	28	29½
Southwark	68	—
P Township	35½	36½
Kensington	66½	—
Girard	12½	12¾
Western	69	—
Man & Mech	—	27½
Commerce	55	—
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45½	46
Consolidation	26	26½
Commonwealth	22	—
Corn Exchange	—	25
Germantown	60½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	57	—
Exchange "	57	—
Kentucky Ky.	113½	—
Northern "	120	—
Louisville "	107½	
Farmers "	130	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	60
Planters "	105½	—
N O Gas Light	120	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	9½
Washington Gas Light Co	23	24
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	¼	½
New Grenada	¼	½
N America Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	28½	30
Southwark & Frankford RR	57	—
Bonds	—	85
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	101½	101¾
2nd " "	82½	82¾
stock		
Interest off	43	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	93	96
stock	120	122
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	83½	—
mort 6's '44	—	—
" " '88	72½	73½
stock	24½	24¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	89½	90½
stock	—	43½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	37½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	95	—
Ches Val R R 7s	42	42½
Tioga R R 7s	75	75
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	72½	73
2d "	57	57½
stock	9½	10
Catawissa	6	6½
Beaver Meadow stock	58½	59½
preferred 10 pr ct	52	—
North Penna R R stock	9½	9¾
6 pr ct loan	67½	68
Phi Ger & Nor RR stock	56	54½
6 pr ct loan	—	100
Mine Hill R R	59½	60
Har and Lan R R stock	59	—
bonds '93	94	98
L. Schuylkill R R stock	22	25
Long Island R R stock	11½	—
bonds	—	84
Erie R R stock	13½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central "	82½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48
Illinois "	69½	—
Michigan Southern	19½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	72½	73
imp. 6 pr ct	74	74½
stock	10	10½
preferred	19	20
Lehigh Nav stock	50	50½
mort 6 pr ct	97½	98
scrip "	27½	28
Morris Canal'd	47	47½
preferred	104½	106
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	77	—
Union	24	3
bonds	36	36½
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
bonds 1878	31½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 5, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
NEW JERSEY.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	ALABAMA.
DELAWARE.	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.
MARYLAND.	All bks uncertain
Baltimore ¼ dis	LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks ¾ dis
NEW YORK.	OHIO.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
MAINE.	KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ¾ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	INDIANA
Solv bks ¼ dis	State bank ¼ dis
VERMONT.	ILLINOIS.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	MISSOURI.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ¾ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	TENNESSEE.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Old banks 2 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	MICHIGAN
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
VIRGINIA.	WISCONSIN.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	TEXAS.
Solv bks ¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	CANADA.
Solv bks ¼ to 1 dis	Solv bks 1 dis

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McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
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HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
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MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. G. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, to Miss CATHARINE SUYTERS, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. HENRY H. JONES, to Miss ELIZA DEVEN, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. WALTER PARMALEE, to MAGGIE M. WILDEY.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Street, Mr. JOHN BARKER, to Miss SALLIE E. GARRETT, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Sewell, THOMAS CURREN, to MARY J. PAINTER, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, JOSEPH WALLACE, to SARAH SPEARS, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Mr. ROBERT WALLACE, Jr. to Miss EMMA FRYE, daughter of Jas. Musgrove, Esq. both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM J. GIVENS, to Miss MARY A. CRAWFORD.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, REBECCA HALSELL, wife of John Halsell, aged 32 years.

On the 31st ultimo, RACHEL GIBBONS, aged 79 years.

On the 31st ultimo, BARBARA SYMINGTON, aged 58 years.

On the 1st instant, JOHN R. SCHEVLER, aged 42 years.

On the 1st instant, HANNAH UPHAM, aged 85.

On the 1st instant, SAMUEL REES, aged 43.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM COOPER, aged 59.

On the 31st ultimo, MARGARET R. WALKER, aged 25 years.

On the 29th ultimo, LIBERTY WOEPPER, aged 38 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. MARTIN SLAUGHTER, aged 92 years.

In Camden, on the 31st ultimo, ROBERT WALKER, aged 63 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. MARY A. ROSCOE, aged 29 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. RACHEL COOK, aged 56 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH MELBRNCK, aged 69 years.

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PORTRAITURE FROM THE LIFE,

BY

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TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

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Read the following from Miss Bremer's Preface.

I am tired of the old story of lovers' sighs, hopes, torments, quarrels, reconciliations, fascination, and happiness or despair. I am tired of writing about them, as if the romance of life had not something more beautiful, something higher. I will at this time speak of one of those primary causes—one which existed before any lover's sighs ascended from earth, inasmuch as a Father's love looked down upon its first child, and which will remain when they have all ceased. It is of this that I will now write.

I took with me the idea of this story when I last left Sweden; the inspiration for it I first obtained in a land where, under shelter of the tree of freedom, I saw the relationships of family life developed themselves in their full beauty and power. Most of the characters and occurrences which I have here portrayed are taken from real life. I have named my heroine after two young women early perfected, and for all too early garned by death, the pride and heart's joy of their families—the Swiss Rosa Naville and the Italian Rosa Ferrucci, because the Swedish Rosa has been modelled from them; yet not alone from them, for the original is a Swedish maiden; but she still lives, and I may not speak of her by name.

To Her,
Whom I may not here mention by name,
Is this, my Book,
Affectionately dedicated,
FREDRIKA BREMER.

MONTE TARPEO, ROME.
April, 1858.

Read the Notices of the English Press.

Miss Bremer's reputation as a novelist, has long since been established in England. Most people remember her graphic portraiture of Swedish life, and will readily acknowledge her genius, whether displayed in minute delineations of domestic manners, vivid and picturesque descriptions of scenery, quiet humor, or poetic eloquence. The acknowledged genius and earnestness of the writer, entitle her to the respect of all. It only remains to add that Mrs. Howitt's translation is executed with her usual grace and skill.—*Daily News.*

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jan 22-3m

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They require no change in diet, or care against cold or otherwise.

Fevers, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Influenza, Colds, Coughs, General Debility, Premature Decay, and especially Sudden Attacks of Severe Sickness,

often resulting fatally—the consequence of the great variability of our climate, coupled or not with marsh effluvia or specific contagion—these, two or three doses of four or five Brandreth's Pills cure, save a long fit of sickness, and often life.

When serious pain afflicts us, we should at once take a good dose of Pills.

FEVER AND AGUE CURED.

Mr. John Y. Haight, Supervisor of New Castle, Westchester county, N. Y., desires the attention of those interested. He says, November, 1858:—"I was, about two years ago, attacked with fever and ague, which, notwithstanding the best medical advice, continued to sorely afflict me for six tedious months; I became yellow as saffron, and reduced to skin and bone. Medicine and physicians were abandoned in despair. As an experiment, I concluded to try a single dose of six of Brandreth's Universal Vegetable Pills, on an empty stomach, early in the morning. The first dose seemed to arouse all the latent energies of my exhausted frame. I feared the worst—their purgative effect was different from anything I had ever used or heard of. At length this effect ceased, and I seemed lighter and breathed freer. That evening I was indeed sensibly better, and slept soundly all night. The next day I followed the same course, and took the same dose of pills. I continued to take the pills in this way about three weeks, when I found myself entirely cured. It is two years ago, and I have had no return. My health has been surprisingly good, and I have used no medicine since. I have made this statement in accordance with what I conceive to be my duty."

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THE PLAGUE OF ADULTERATION.

A Popular Complaint to a Popular Air.

Oh, have you heard the tales of late,
How tradesmen all adulterate,
There's scarce a thing now, sad so state,
That's free from Adulteration.
Your tea is mere chopped hay and sticks,
Your Wallsend's safe to burn like bricks,
With sand your sugar so they mix,
That daily in your throat it sticks;
Your coffee is chicory, beans, and bones,
Your jeweler sets you paste for stones,
In short whate'er your purchase owns
Some taint of Adulteration.

CHORUS.

Hocus pocus! fee, fo, fum!
No wonder we all look so glum,
For nothing but ill health can come
From the Plague of Adulteration.

Your best kid-gloves are really rat,
Your butter is pig's lard mixed with fat,
Your mutton pies are made of cat,
By this plaguy Adulteration!
Your beer is strychnine, salt and slops,
And everything save malt and hops;
And if you rashly call for wine,
I would not that your fate were mine!
Of lees and logwood port is made,
And even worse things I'm afraid,
And sherry is now so tricked in trade,
'Tis nought but Adulteration.

CHORUS.—Hocus, pocus! &c.

Where'er you go, whate'er you buy,
Whatever "noted shop" you try,
For genuine goods in vain you cry,
Nought's sold but Adulteration.
You ask for a loaf of wheaten bread,
And they serve you with alum and "daff" instead,
Which on your stomach lie like lead,
And make a torment of your bed;
If then in drugs you seek relief,
You find they but increase your grief,
Near every chemist's now a thief,
And deals in Adulteration!

CHORUS.

Hocus pocus! fee, fo, fum!
No wonder we all look so glum,
For nothing but ill-health can come
From the Plague of Adulteration!

MANURING IN THE HILL.

A Sausage Story.—An old friend of ours—one sick and tired of the care and bustle of a city life, has retired into the country, and "gone to farming," as the saying is. His land, albeit well situated and commanding sundry fine prospects, is not so particularly fertile as some we have seen—requiring scientific culture and a liberal system of manuring to induce an abundant yield. So far by way of explanation.

Once upon a time our friend being upon a visit to New Orleans, was attending an auction sale down town, and as it so happened, they were selling damaged sausages at the time. They were some eight or ten barrels of them, and they were "just going at 50 cents a barrel," when the auctioneer, with all apparent seriousness remarked that they were worth more than that to manure land with. Here was an idea. "Sixty-two and a half cents,—third and last call—gone!" retorted the auctioneer. "Cash takes them at sixty-two and a half cents per barrel!"

To have them shipped to his country seat was the immediate work of our friend, and as it was then planting time, and the sausages, to use a common phrase, "were getting no better very fast," to have them safe underground and out of the way, was his next movement. He was about to plant a field of several acres of corn—the soil of the piny wood species—so here was just the spot for this new experiment in agriculture, this new wrinkle in the science of geoponics. One "link" of sausages being deemed amply sufficient, that amount was placed in each hill, accompanied by the kernels of corn and an occasional pumpkin seed, and all were nicely covered over in the usual style. Now, after promising that several days have occurred since the corn was planted, the sequel of the story shall be told in a dialogue between our friend and one of his neighbors.

Neighbor.—Well, friend have you planted your corn?

Friend.—Yes, several days since.

N.—Is it up yet?

F.—Up! yes: and gone; the most of it.

N.—How is that?

F.—Well, you see, I bought a lot of damaged sausages the other day in New Orleans, a smooth tongue of an auctioneer saying they would make excellent manure if nothing else. I brought the lot over, commenced planting my corn at once, as it was time, planted a sausage in each hill, and—

N.—Well, and what?

F.—And felt satisfied that I had made a good job of it. Some days afterwards I went out to see how the corn was coming on, and a pretty piece of business I have made of trying agriculture experiments.

N.—Why, what was the matter?

F.—Matter! The first thing I saw before reaching the field was the greatest lot of dogs digging and scratching all over it! There were my dogs, and your dogs, and all the neighbors' dogs, besides about three hundred strange dogs I never set my eyes on before, and every one was hard at it mining after the buried sausages. Somehow or other, the rascally whelps had scented out the business, and they have dug every hill by this time. If I could set every dog of them on that auctioneer, I'd be satisfied.

☞ Curriculum for the Ladies' College.—Every girl who intends to qualify for marriage, should go through a course of cookery. Unfortunately, few wives are able to dress anything but themselves.—*Punch.*

☞ A politician at the West claims the support of the Catholics on the ground that he went in for Roman candles on the evening of the 4th of July.

IKE PARTINGTON'S COMPOSITION.

"Plymouth Rock," being the subject given out for the exercise of the school, the teacher and boys were astonished at the following luminous composition by Ike Partington, which displays great historical acumen, and a most astonishing chronological facility.

Plymouth Rock.—This Rock was brought to this country in the Mayflower, in the year 1492, by the Pilgrims, under the direction of elder Osman Brewster, who afterwards moved to Boston, and became an alderman of that city. It was on this rock that Governor Carver first shook hands with Samoset, who said: "Welcome Englishmen!" It is recorded that when Samoset came up, Governor Carver asked him if he was a real Ingine, or a only a member of an Ingine company.

The rock has long been regarded as a famous place. The American Eagle for a great many years used to come and whet his beak on the rock, but in 1653 Miles Standish, in order to keep it from being stolen, carried it and put it in front of Pilgrim Hall, where it remains at the present time, invested with great interest and an iron fence. The fence bears the names of all the Pilgrims in cast-iron letters that can't be rubbed out.

The rock is a good deal worn out by the allusions touching it that are thrown off by Fourth of July orators. Plymouth Rock is the corner-stone of the cellar wall of our Republican structure, paragorically speaking, and the spirit of Liberty sits upon it with a drawn sword in one hand, and the torch of freedom in the other; and if foes invade the shore of Plymouth at high water—for they never can get in at low tide—they will throw this rock in their teeth. It is a precious legacy from the Past to the Present, and from it may be reckoned the Pilgrim's Progress.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The Senator and the Dromios.—The senior Mr. Gay, of the National Hotel at Washington, bears quite a likeness to Gen. Cass, and upon this the correspondent of the New York Times tells the following story:

A stranger, who supposed he knew mine host very well, put up at the National the other night. Since this house has become the crack hotel at the Capital, it is quite full at this time, and the new comer was necessarily, for the first night, sent to the upper floor to sleep. Coming down stairs the next morning, a little cross, he met Gen. Cass there, who has a fine suite of rooms in the hall, stepped up to him, and in language more forcible and rapid than elegant, said,

"I'll be d——d if I'll stand it! You've put me at the top of the house. I must have a room somewhere lower down."

Gen. Cass, interposing and nervously—"Sir, you are mistaken in the person you are addressing. I am Gen. Cass, of Michigan."

Stranger, (confusedly.) "Beg your pardon, Gen. Cass—thought it was my old friend Gay. Beg a thousand pardons, sir. All a mistake, all a mistake, I assure you, sir."

The General passed out of the building, but soon returned, and as luck would have it, the stranger met him full in the face again, but in another position. This time he was sure he had mine host, for the Senator from Michigan he knew had just gone out. So the stranger stepped boldly up, slapped the General heartily and familiarly on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"By heavens, Gay, I've got a rich sell to relate. I met old Cass up stairs, just now, thought it was you, and began cursing him about my room."

Gen. Cass, (with emphasis.) "Well, young man, you've *met old Cass again!*"

Stranger sloped, and hasn't been heard of since.

Anecdote of M'Donald Clarke, the Mad Poet.—Everybody remembers M'Donald Clarke, who was well known in New York, a few years since, as the "Mad Poet." During the last years of his life Clarke was made free of the Astor House table, and oftentimes this errant man of genius could be seen accepting its hospitalities when other doors were closed on his fallen fortunes. Every one knew Clarke by sight; and one day, while quietly taking his dinner, two travellers, seating themselves opposite, commenced a conversation intended for the ears of Clarke. One said:

"Well! I have now been in New York two months, and have seen all I wish to see with one exception."

"Ah!" said the other, "what is that?"

"M'Donald Clarke, the great poet," responded No. 1, with strong emphasis.

Clarke raised his eyes slowly from his plate, and seeing the attention of the table was on him, stood up, placing his hand over his heart, and bowing with great gravity to the strangers, said:

"I am M'Donald Clarke, the great poet."

The traveller started in mock surprise, gazed at him in silence for a few moments, and then amidst an audible titter of the company, drew from his pocket a quarter dollar, and laying it before Clarke, still looked at him without a smile. Clarke raised the quarter in silence and dignity, bestowed it in his pocket, drew thence a shilling, which he deposited before the traveller with these words:

"Children half price."

The titter changed to a roar, and the travellers were missing instanter.

A Proof of Sanity.—In a court-room in North Mississippi a man was on trial for larceny. His sanity was doubted, and the District Attorney thought it best to prove it, and put the following question to one of his leading witnesses:

"Do you think the prisoner can distinguish between *right* and *wrong*; can tell the difference between *good* and *bad*?"

Witness.—"I think he can, sir; for I saw him take a drink of whiskey, and he said it was *good whiskey*; and, from this circumstance, I should infer that he could 'tell the difference between *good* and *bad*.'"

The bar enjoyed a hearty laugh over the novelty of the answer, in which his honor freely participated, and the proof was accepted.

☞ Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.—*Rochefoucault.*

☞ Every nation has but the government it deserves.—*De Maistre.*

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Swell, (who, when he is asked to dine at half-past six, thinks it fine to come at half-past eight.)—"Haw! I'm afraid you've been waiting dinnaw for me!"

Lady of the House.—"Oh, dear, no! We have dined some time; will you take some tea?"

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;
And the bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way:
For a great field is reaped, and heaven's garners fill,
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice on the winds like a spirit's lowery—
'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply?
Not those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait that last trump which they might not defy,
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed,
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning;
While Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,
Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking bluxon, as clay sinks to clay;
The vain pomps of the peace-time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle-day:
Nor coffins nor shroudings are here;
Only relics that lay where the thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe
Like a storm-wave's retreating—spent, fitful, and slow,
With sounds like their spirits that faint as they go
By you red-flowing river, whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and lorn,
They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn.
Like the giant's of Gaza, their strength it was shorn
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky;
From the flash of our steel a new daybreak seemed born
As we sprang up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death-lots are cast;
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last.
Do ye dream of yon Pale Form that rode on the blast?
Would ye face it once more, oh, ye brave?
Yes! the broad road to Honor is red where ye passed,
And of Glory ye asked but—a grave!

E. L. H.

Agricultural.

INDIAN CORN, &c.

An old New York farmer of over fourscore years, in the Country Gentleman, says:—

With regard to the culture of Indian corn, I should differ perhaps from many with regard to deep ploughing. On my land, experience has taught me that four or five inches deep is much better than deeper. In 1853, we turned over 16 acres of meadow sward, the most of it rich and good. As our ploughman was a farmer, I did not attend to him until he had ploughed about one half of it, and the best of it, too, when I found he had ploughed it full nine inches deep. I must confess I was somewhat chagrined to see the work so done. I told him to let down his wheel and take up his traces so as not to plough more than four or five inches deep. He did so, and I must tell you we had much the best corn on the shallow ploughing, though much the poorest land. The deep ploughed land turned about 30 bushels of corn to the acre, when it ought to have turned 80, while the shallow ploughed turned more than 50 on an average. I planted one acre of the shallow ploughed and cultivated it with my own hands—planted three feet each way with six grains in each hill, on the 25th, 26th and 27th of May. My acre was eight rods by twenty, I planted a row of potatoes on every side, then planted white beans between the hills of corn. At the first hoeing, I thinned out to four stalks in the hill, I hoed twice, and when I took off my crop you could not get your hat full of everything on the ground, excepting what was designed to grow. I got from my acre 124 bushels of ears of sound, eight-rowed yellow corn, four bushels of beans, and ten and a half bushels of potatoes. Potatoes were badly diseased that year—corn sold for 75 cents—beans for $1,50, and potatoes for 50 cents per bushel—fodder $6—so you may see the produce of my acre was $63,75. My grandson sowed spring wheat on my acre the next spring, and got 29½ bushels.

If anybody will show to me the philosophy of turning up cold and dead earth in which there is no fertility, to put our seed upon, they will show to me a new mode of reasoning. More than twenty years ago, I ploughed up ten acres of pasture land for corn; a portion of it rested on lime rock, not more than three or four inches below the surface, the plough turning up all the soil down to the rock, leaving the naked rock in the bottom of the furrow for rods together; in some places there was scant soil enough to hoe the corn with, but I got a good piece of corn, yielding more than fifty bushels to the acre, without any manure. I have often traced corn-roots to a great distance horizontally, but never found them to run very deep; they occupy the warm and fertile soil in preference to the cold and dead subsoil. For example take off five or six inches of the top of the soil on ten feet square, and plant a hill of corn in the centre, and you will have a poor hill of corn, but you may put a half bushel of good dung in the hill and mix it well with the sub soil, and you may get a good hill of corn. And this reasoning will hold good anywhere. We don't have manure to make a twenty acre lot rich two feet, or even one foot deep; if we plough deeper than the fertile parts of the soil we injure the crops, unless we have manure to make the ground rich. I speak with regard to my own land; other lands may require different cultivation.

I have been in the practice of under draining to some extent, and have found it very beneficial on some of my land, both in drying the land and the use of the water in my barnyards.

I have done but little in the nursery or horticultural business, more than for my own use. In the fall of 1846 I planted about three rods square of land with apple and pear seeds. I have sold hundreds of trees from it, besides setting out an orchard for myself, which is now bearing finely.

I don't understand the mysteries of bee-keeping, but I have kept bees more than forty years in succession from the same stocks, and have not had them run out, realizing quite an amount of profits from them, though seldom ever wintering more than ten or twelve stocks. You may call this good luck if you please; and I have had always the good luck *never to have chess among the wheat, except when I have sowed it.*

Salt for Horses' Feet.—The tendency of common salt to absorb moisture from the air is well-known to all. Mr. E. L. Gibbs, of Orwell, Ohio, communicates to the Ohio Cultivator a new use he has made of this property of salt, by applying it to the hoofs of horses:—"A horse that is driven upon a hard road is liable to get stiffened. I have seen valuable horses driven upon our own plank roads a few days get quite lame. I reasoned to myself of the cause, and produced a remedy which proved effectual. I have since tried it on foundered or hoof-bound horses, and with good results. I made a solution of salt and water, and applied it three times a day, by washing the legs and pouring upon the bottom of the feet, and holding them up a few minutes to let it strike in, and saw the wonderful effects in a few days. I account for it in this way:—Salt will extract moisture from the atmosphere, which keeps the feet moist all the while; it acts nearly like melted grease upon the foot. The hoof becomes tough, yet pliable; like a chunk of wood saturated with salt or brine, it is tough, yet moist, and so with a horse's foot. Here let me add, that the practice of rasping a cracked hoof to toughen it is all folly. Apply brine, and you will effect a cure."

Frozen Limbs.—A piece of copperas, dissolved in warm water, is a sure remedy for frosted limbs, &c.; soak the fingers or feet, or rub well on the nose or face.—*New York Tribune.*

Ointment for Harness.—I have lately met with a process which was recommended by A. Baker, proprietor of the most extensive livery establishment in Rochester, I forward it for insertion. It is as follows:

Take neat's foot oil and ivory or patent black—the latter well pulverised, or to be made so before using. Mix thoroughly, adding the black until the oil is well colored or quite black. In cool weather the oil should be warmed somewhat before mixing. With a sponge apply a light coat of the mixture—only what the leather will readily absorb, unless the harness is very dry, in which case a heavier coat may be necessary. After the harness is dry, wash thoroughly with soap-suds. In making the suds use good castile soap and cold rain water. Warm water should never be used on harness leather. Apply the suds with a sponge. Rub off with buckskin. This will give your harness a nice glossy surface, and the leather will retain a good color and continue pliable for months. If it becomes soiled with mud or sweat, an application of soap and water, as above directed, (without oiling) will be sufficient to give it a bright appearance. Two applications of this oil and black mixture a year (or once every six months,) will be sufficient to keep the harness as ordinarily used, in good order.—*Country Gentleman.*

Farmer, Spare that Owl.—Some one writing to the London Times, puts in sundry proverbial pleas in favor of the owl. A prejudice exists against the ungainly fowl, more, we fancy, on account of its unpleasant vocal characteristics and dismal personal appearance, than from any other cause; but when its useful qualities are known, we are sure its life will be regarded by agriculturists as even more sacred than that of the robin. The writer in question, speaking of a destruction of wheat by mice, which came under his personal observation, says:—"Mice, as well as young rats, require vegetation and water. At dusk they come out, and out at the same time, comes the owl. No doubt owls were created by an all-wise Providence to keep these vermin under, as the rook is for the destruction of the wire-worms, and the toad for slugs. If it were not so, we should be eaten up. They know by instinct how to go about their calling better than we do. If the rook and owl do pilfer a little at times, when pinched by hunger, the laborer must have his hire; and with all our sagacity we cannot master them as they can."

Useful Receipts.

Preserving Butter.—A patent has been secured by W. Clark, of London, for the following method of preserving butter:—The butter is first well beaten in the usual manner after churning, then placed between linen cloths and submitted to severe pressure for removing whey and water. It is now completely enveloped or covered with clean white paper, which is coated on both sides with a preparation of the white of eggs, in which fifteen grains of salt is used for each egg. This prepared paper is first dried, then heated before a fire, or with a hot iron, just prior to wrapping it round the butter. It is stated that butter may be kept perfectly sweet without any salt for two months, when thus treated, if placed in a cool, dry cellar. The submitting of butter to pressure, as described, is a good plan, and one which we recommend to all our farmers. They can easily practise it with a small cheese-press. —*Scientific American.*

To Cure Rheumatism.—Seeing in a late number a call for a recipe for Rheumatism, I forthwith send one that is first best. Take a large handful of wild, blue flag root, and as much black cohosh root, (pounded fine,) put it into a quart of best brandy; let it stand a day or two, then take a teaspoonful three times a day till nearly well. Then taper off gradually to one a day until cured. This is also a preventive.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Color Woolen Madder Red.—To every eight pounds of yarn or cloth take four pounds of madder, half a pound of alum, half a pound of cream tartar. Soak the madder in warm water over night. Dissolve the alum and cream tartar in soft water, boil five minutes and skim it.

Wet the articles to be colored in strong soap suds, and boil three hours in the alum and tartar water: wring out and air them. Now put the articles in the madder, have it warm over a slow fire, keep stirring with the hand for three hours, during that time wring and air them two or three times, and note the time required for airing, as they must be in the dye three full hours, or the color will fade; then wring out the articles. For the above quantity, dissolve well two quarts of soft soap in the dye; put them in for five minutes, then wring out and dry. After which wash thoroughly in soap suds. While airing and drying they should not be allowed to freeze. To save the madder after wringing out to air, shake the articles over a tub and return the chips to the dye. After coloring the above, if desired it will color old very well. I have always used a brass kettle for dying.

Tanning Deer Skins.—"J. R. R.," Henry county, furnishes us with the following on this subject:—"To make buckskin.—Soak in soft-water—rain-water preferred, changing every day until the hair and grain comes loose, which will be from five to ten days, according as the weather is cold or warm: if left too long they will rot. When the hair and grain are loose, take and grain them, wring all the water out, and put them in tanner's oil about eight days, then take out, wash well in soap suds, until all the oil is out, wring well, smoke them over a green wood fire, rub them well while drying. I prefer this to brain tanning."

To Tan with Hair On.—"This is best done when the hides are green; if dry, soak until soft, rub well with salt, or put enough on to salt well, fold and lay away two or three days, flesh them well, then take pulverized alum, one quarter of a pound per skin, apply evenly with a pepper box or something of the kind. Sprinkle with water so as to render it perfectly damp, fold or roll it up and lay away six or eight days, then rub or scrape well while drying with a smooth edged iron or steel, or something made for the purpose. After this process the hide will be well tanned, and the hair well set."—*Maine Farmer.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 23, 19, 10, 31, 4, 17, was an ancient King of Persia.

My 20, 24, 2, 18, 34, 31, 23, 16, 17, was a great Athenian General.

My 17, 33, 6, 27, 14, was one of the seven wise men of Greece.

My 12, 31, 10, 2, 2, 6, was an ancient Roman author.

My 15, 31, 3, 27, 4, 10, was a celebrated Oriental conqueror.

My 7, 2, 27, 3, 11, 14, 35, 18, was an ancient cynic philosopher.

My 6, 33, 30, 2, 17, was a King of Hungary.

My 13, 7, 24, 31, 19, 28, was Pope of Rome in 884.

My 27, 18, 1, 25, 14, was Emperor of the Turks in 1618.

My 17, 27, 9, 24, 19, 15, 5, was an Athenian philosopher.

My 13, 28, 14, 6, was Emperor of Russia in 1730.

My 20, 15, 34, 2, 6, 13, was King of the Huns.

My 20, 24, 2, 18, 34, 21, 15, 5, 22, was a noted ancient philosopher.

My 23, 19, 12, 2, 7, was King of Scotland in 1124.

My 13, 6, 25, 10, 2, 9, was King of the Goths.

My 20, 6, 22, 32, 2, 17, was Emperor of the East in 1081.

My 26, 35, 14, 28, 2, 18, was King of Portugal in 1272.

My 21, 2, 27, 1, 5, 17, 28, 31, 6, was a French officer in the American Revolution.

My 15, 25, 10, 29, 4, 31, 14, 2, 30, 17, was one of the seven Kings of Rome.

My whole was a Spanish author together with one of his works.

Enterprise, Pa. BEN. MECHANIC.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is often to be found
Followed by huntsman, horse and hound,
Through western wilds and forests dense,
Sometimes leaping hedge and fence.

My second farmers raise and sell,
How many bushels none can tell,
When ground and baked in dish or pan,
It forms the staff of life for man.

My whole is a grain in season late,
And when it arrives to a perfect state,
'Tis of an elliptic triangular form,
And cooked to eat, should be eaten warm.

HIAWATHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first in loving grandeur smiles
Around the world in joyous mirth;
O'er lakes and seas and distant isles,
My second goes to gladden earth.
Where lovers meet, though often missed,
My whole, in truth, is fairly known,
For many a time by me they've kissed,
And justly claimed me as their own.

Kilgore, O. A. PEABODY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

With my first eternity began—
With my second it will end:
My third you will find in the ocean,
If into its depths you descend.

Without my whole all lovely things—
In air and earth and seas,
Would unto us for aye remain
Incomprehensibilities.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men, A and B, own a log 40 feet long, 5 feet at the butt, 3 feet at the top, and agree with C, the sawyer, to give him 10 feet out of the middle part of the log for sawing it at such a place that their, or the remaining parts, shall be equal in solid contents, after taking the sawyer's part away. The length of A's, who takes the butt, and B's who takes the top end, is required?

HENRY S. MARSHALL.

Milton, Sussex Co., Delaware.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Who is the greatest general of the age? Ans.—General Consumption.

☞ Why have ladies discarded streamers? Ans.—Because they prefer beaux (bows).

☞ Why is a blush like a little girl? Ans.—Because it becomes a woman!

☞ If cheese comes after meat, what comes after cheese? Ans.—A mouse.

☞ Why does the hen never joke when she lays her egg? Ans.—Because she is always in her nest (in earnest).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post. CHARADE—Dandelion (Dandy-Lion). CHARADE—Fox-glove. CHARADE—Honeymoon. CHARADE—Gentleman. PROBLEM—$2.13,+ A's farm per acre. $1.88+, B's farm per acre. Rule.—Square the average price of one acre. Square the difference of price between two acres. Add the two squares together. Extract the square root of the sum. Add the average price of one acre to the result, and you will have the real price of two acres. Please to demonstrate the rule. Solution.—$2.00²+25 cts + $2.00=$4.01.56643+, which is the real price of two acres—(one of A's and one of B's).

	half sum.	½ difference.	
Then	$2.05.77821+	12½	cents=$2.13.278221+ A's farm per acre,
and	$2.05.77821—	12½	cents=$1.88.278221+ B's farm per acre.

A Naive Confession.—A young lady this "Kissmas" somewhat surprised her partner by expressing a decided aversion to moustachios. On being pressed to give her reason for it, she at first fenced off the question by declaring that a lady needs no reason for disliking things. On being further questioned, she glanced slily at the mistletoe, and then darting an arch look at her partner's anxious face, on which the most luxuriant of moustachios had been cultivated, she replied, with charming naiveté, "Well, I don't mind telling you. It is because they, oh, *so tickle one!*"—*London Punch.*